

OLD HOME WEEK

Big Celebration a Surpassing Success---Thousands of County's Absent Sons and Daughters Return to Native Hills and Enjoy Week's Exercises.

Bedford's Old Home Week is practically a thing of the past as there is no special program for tomorrow's exercises—it being arranged to spend the day in excursions to various parts of the county. The exercises of the week have been participated in by representatives of many states, in all sections of the Union, and the number of former sons and daughters of Bedford and Bedford county who have returned to the scenes of their childhood has been a pleasing surprise.

Some of those who have been with us during the week have not greeted friends of the county for forty years, yet they still retain in their hearts a warm spot for childhood associations. Comrades of the Mexican and Civil Wars, who "drank from same canteen" and stood shoulder to shoulder in their country's hour of need, greeted each other with hearty handshakes; boys who hunted and fished and swam together, now advanced in years, grouped together and recalled early incidents; thousands of people, all free and easy, mingled and commingled and thus aided in making it the biggest week in all the history of the town.

The week was begun with appropriate morning and afternoon services in the several churches, which services were participated in by former pastors and members. At 7:30 o'clock Sunday evening the interdenominational meeting on the public square was well attended and most inspiring. The square was filled with an orderly, representative audience, all of whom listened attentively to the following program:

Anthem: "The Heavens Are Telling"
 Union Choir
 Opening Prayer: Rev. M. L. Culler
 Hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," Choir and Congregation
 Scripture: Rev. H. B. Townsend
 Prayer: Rev. Hicks
 Quartet, "Come Holy Spirit," Junonia Quartet
 Address: Rev. Ellis N. Kremer
 Address: Rev. M. R. Minnick
 Hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," Choir and Congregation
 Address: Rev. H. C. Pardoe
 Glory Song: Congregation
 Address: Rev. Dr. C. J. Musser
 Hymn, "Home, Sweet Home," closing with Doxology.
 Choir and Congregation
 Benediction

Monday, August 5
 A crowd beyond expectations was assembled on the public square to witness the formal opening of the week's exercises, when Maj. S. F. Statler introduced Chief Burgess Jordan, who in a pleasing manner, delivered the following address of welcome:

Burgess Jordan's Address
 Only a short time ago the citizens of Bedford decided to follow the example set by many other towns and cities and have an Old Home Week. An organization was effected that has been leading the strenuous life for some months and that, with the hearty co-operation of the people of the town and county, has perfected arrangements for what has brought you here today—the home-coming.

The original intention was to have a three-days' program but as the matter was discussed, the idea broadened and it was then decided to embrace in the home-coming, not only former residents of the borough but of the entire county, and to arrange a program covering the week. With this object in view the agitation became more extensive and the word was put broadcast that from the fourth to the tenth of August the sons and daughters of Bedford county were invited to come back to our ancient borough to mingle with those who still remain here, and to greet those whose life work has called them out into other parts of this great country.

The word Home carries with it associations possessed by no other word in our language, and as the invitation was sent out and former residents learned there was to be a home-coming for the people of Bedford county, it is wonderful how the thought electrified and met with an instant response from the boys and girls, the men and women, who, years ago, bade goodbye to their associates and started out to enter upon their life-work in other communities. It mattered not what degree of prosperity attended them, nor how pleasant their social surroundings, how great the number of friends gathered about them in their new homes, yet their thoughts often turned back to the place of their birth and they wondered how the folks at home were getting along, for it was still home to them, and what had become of the friends of their school days—those happy, care-free days—and when the information reached them that there was to be a home-coming, that from the east and west, the north and south, the sons and daughters of the county were to gather in the old town again, in all parts of our land, the absent ones began to plan to go back to the old homestead, to greet and be greeted by dear ones at home,

and meet old friends, who, were it not for this occasion, they possibly would have no opportunity to meet. And so with thrilling hearts and expectant feelings, you have come back to the old town, and in behalf of the people of this town and county it is my privilege to extend you friendly greetings and a most cordial welcome. While you have been away from us, yet your home people have not lost sight of you; we have heard with pleasure of your successes, we have mourned over your losses and misfortunes, and have taken great pride in your victorious achievements. It is a matter of gratification to us that many of the men who went out from Bedford county to seek life's fortune among strangers have met great success in the battle of life. They have held high positions in State and Nation, and many of them have their names enrolled on the shield of honor.

Our lack of industries is such that we do not have inviting fields of employment for the young and ambitious and, as a consequence, those who desire to make a success in business along lines that are not afforded by our town or county, are constantly going out from us and, while we regret the situation, I want to say to you who have thus gone out and to others who may follow you, that you always carry with you the best wishes of those who remain and that they will always be interested in your welfare.

It is my pleasure, as Burgess of this borough, to say to you that Bedford throws its doors wide open to you; that our hands are held out to you in friendly greeting, and that we extend to you the hospitality of the entire community. It is our wish and hope that you make yourselves fully and freely at home; that the time spent here enable you not only to greet old friends but to make new ones; that the young may be strengthened in the ties of friendship thus formed; that the old may be invigorated by their pleasant associations; and that you may all return safely to your homes, feeling that you have been helped by your visit and that the ties to the old home bind you closer than ever; that life's pathway has been smoothed by the tokens of remembrance that have been constantly recalled to you, and that you may again take up your life-work with hearts cheered and strengthened by your renewal of old associations.

In closing I wish to acknowledge the debt we owe to Mr. M. P. Heckerman, as the originator of the idea of Bedford's Old Home Week and who, for several years, has agitated the question of the celebration we inaugurate this week.

I again extend hearty greetings and express the hope that the time passed here may always be recalled with pleasure and as a time when you felt you were at home, and that the true spirit of the home-coming may be felt by each one of you.

Immediately after the address of welcome Burgess Jordan was ruthlessly kidnapped, taken from the stage and removed from the crowd. The address of welcome was followed with the singing of America by the union choir and a solo by Mrs. C. T. Brengle of Richmond, Va., after which Hon. Jacob H. Longenecker was introduced to the audience. He read the address which had been prepared by Col. John H. Filler who was compelled to return to Philadelphia on account of ill health. Before reading the address Judge Longenecker referred to Colonel Filler as one of the most distinguished of old Bedford's sons, recalling the fact of his having been a member of the Bedford bar, an editor in the town and the man who led the first company from the county to fight for the preservation of the Union.

Colonel Filler's Speech
 Let me recall for a moment a pleasant reminiscence. When the soldiers dedicated the monument in 1890, two of my friends debated concerning the great crowd, one contending that it was a greater multitude than ever assembled in Bedford, the other that it was not as great as fathered on the Fourth of July, 1865, twenty-five years before, when my lamented friend, George H. Spang, addressed the Democrats on Mann's hill and I addressed the Republicans in Deffenbaugh's woods. My remark was, "I may settle that between you, but I am not coming back on a like occasion for the next twenty-five years." They doubtless thought it was a large draft on time; seventeen years are gone and I have anticipated the time by eight years. Nothing but a strong desire to share in the home-coming could have induced me to endure the fatigue of travel.

Coming home at long intervals and missing so many familiar faces, one feels like the traveler through a forest in which the tall trees have been cut down one by one. It is a melancholy reflection tinged with poignant regrets. Kindly nature, however, throws her veil over the most painful scenes of the past; for,

were it not so, the burdens of memory would be too heavy to be borne. One is complimented sometimes on having so good a memory, but it could be wished that it were by no means so good. There are the tears of things, but to the optimist; to him who turns from the dismal aspect of things with the regrets of age, are mingled feelings of gratification in witnessing the new growth full of life and vigor and promise that has sprung up in the forest through which he has passed. It is a quality of healthy age to turn to the young the more that advancing years remove us further from them. What compensation in these animated and smiling faces, these happy greetings of old and young, this home-coming which you have so beautifully realized with all its pleasant and tender associations, and I have no other theme for today; it is, let me say, a conception of modern social development that would have been formerly almost out of the question. The difficulties of travel, the want of social solidarity, the spirit of party—and perhaps a tinge of sectarianism—would have made it next to impossible.

Do you know what the spirit of party meant in the good old times? When I was a small boy the Rising Sun Tavern was the headquarters of the Whigs and, nearly opposite in Juliana street, the Jackson Inn was the rendezvous of the Democrats, or the Locofocos, as their opponents politely styled them. About election times the fights between bellicose adherents of the opposing parties were frequent and sometimes bloody. If a man were seen going into the opposite camp, his party fidelity was gravely suspected. If he were seen coming out half-seas over, suspicion was reduced to certainty. Under the influences of such sentiments as party spirit has become essentially forgotten. A man who differs with his neighbors on politics for even religion is no longer regarded as a rogue, or a fanatic. Yet party spirit has had later some ludicrous manifestations.

When political friends of General Grant were pushing his nomination for a third term (for the great soldier was too modest to seek it for himself) the Millerites were holding a revival somewhere or other in Ohio—they are always holding a revival somewhere or other in the country—an old Democrat, who was not suspected of taking an interest in such matters, was observed to attend the meeting with much assiduity. At last one of the brethren accosted him and expressed pleasure in seeing that he believed with them the time had come when the earth would be rolled up like a scroll and disappear unto nothingness. "Yes!" was the energetic reply, "anything to beat Grant."

When General Jackson was lingering long at "The Hermitage" in the days of June, 1845, there was much solicitude concerning him throughout the country. Party spirit was subdued in the shadow of his approaching death. An old Whig of Jefferson and Adams, exclaimed "Humph, he wants to die on the Fourth of July." Yet it is a question whether party spirit, in its rudeness and brutality, may not be preferable to the indifference of those who habitually neglect their political duty.

Going farther back I can vividly recall the hard-elder campaign of 1840. Caricatures abounded of Van Buren leaving the White House with gold spoons dropping from his pocket, and women were affected to tears by the oratorical predictions that their husbands and sons would be drafted for the Indian War in Florida. Van Buren was charged at the same time with having bought blood hounds in Cuba to track the Seminoles through the Everglades.

I remember when a boy that the rumor that Major Barclay, a most public-spirited citizen, intended to cut his crops without whiskey in the field was received with much incredulity; but he did it. He got Jacob Bollinger to brew him a quantity of mead for the harvesters and supplied them with plenty of ice, giving them extra pay. It was a great success, and now I venture to say there is hardly a bottle of whiskey in a harvest field in Bedford county; such is the force of good example. A little more than a generation before, they had an insurrection over the mountains against a tax of about 12 cents a gallon on whiskey, when now the tax of \$1.10 is paid without much grumbling. Coffee and tea were scarce in those times, and milk was regarded as only food for babes. Among the insurgents of the Whiskey Insurrection was many an old soldier who believed with Burns that freedom and whiskey "gang together," and that the tax was an impingement on their liberty. Tradition has it that when the insurgents were assembled they heard a

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

BROADBRIM BURNED OUT

Aged Gazette Correspondent Rescued From Flames by Policeman.

It is with much regret that we inform our readers of a sad accident to "Broadbrim," the aged correspondent of The Gazette, who for over 30 years has furnished us with a weekly letter from the busy metropolis. A few days ago we received a letter from a friend, enclosing a clipping from a New York paper, informing us that "Broadbrim" had suffered a total loss by fire and barely escaped with his life, and it will be some time until he is sufficiently recovered to again take up his correspondence. For some time "Broadbrim," or James H. Warwick, has made his home at The Gresham, Brooklyn.

Fire was discovered in the dumb-waiter shaft by one of the ladies in the house and the building was soon a mass of roaring flames. Policeman George Dunbar turned in an alarm and then notified all the tenants to get out of the house. He went through it from top to bottom; on the third floor he found Mr. Warwick, a confirmed invalid, trying to make his way to the stairs on his hands and knees. Dunbar picked the man up and carried him to the street, whence he was taken into the home of neighbors. At noon the blaze was well under control, and it was estimated that the damage done the building would amount to about \$50,000. What the individual damage to tenants would be had not been estimated by the police at that time.

The fire swept away all Mr. Warwick had and he is suffering considerably from the shock. We trust he will soon be able to renew his weekly letters.

Mrs. Henry Stickler

Mrs. Martha Stickler, wife of Henry Stickler, and an aged resident of Walnut Grove, Johnstown, died at her home in that place last Saturday morning about 7:30 o'clock. Mrs. Stickler, who was eighty years of age, arose some time after midnight and was overtaken by a spell of weakness. She was unable to get back to her bed and was found lying on the floor by the husband. The aged lady was carried to a couch and appeared to recover gradually, but died suddenly. Death was probably due to an attack of apoplexy.

Mrs. Stickler was born in Napier township, this county. She lived for some time in the vicinity of Helixville, from which place she and her husband moved to Walnut Grove twenty years ago. Besides her husband, Mrs. Stickler is survived by the following sons and daughters: James of Helixville; Henry of New Buena Vista, George of Pittsburg, Elizabeth and Margaret.

Edwin H. Corle

Edwin Hughes Corle was born in Duncansville, November 1, 1849, and died August 3, 1907, at his home in McFarland, Kan. He made Duncansville his home until 1877, when he moved, with his invalid mother and sister, to Hays City, Kan., where they located a claim. They remained on the farm for seven years, going to Alma in 1884, where he engaged in carpentering and contracting. In 1888 he married Miss Etta Weaver and to them was born one daughter, Ruth Ethel. Leaving Alma in 1899 they went to McFarland, where he engaged in the hotel business, which he followed until his failing health made it necessary for him to close the hotel. Monday afternoon, August 5, he was laid to rest beside his mother and sister in the Alma cemetery. The wife and daughter are left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father.

Mrs. David Reesey

Mrs. David Reesey died at her home in New Enterprise on Thursday, August 1, after a lingering illness, aged 34 years, 10 months and 15 days. She leaves to mourn her early death her husband, a little son nearly a year old and two step-sons, Cleveland Reesey of Altoona and Ray, at home; also her aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Guyer, one brother and five sisters. Mrs. Reesey was a highly respected Christian lady, a member of the German Baptist Brethren church since her youth. Her funeral took place at New Enterprise Sunday morning, conducted by Elders D. F. Detwiler and C. L. Buck, and at their conclusion interment was made in the cemetery at that place.

Simon Mellott

Simon Mellott died at his home near Everett on Monday, August 5, after a short illness from paralysis, aged 64 years. He was a member of the 22nd Pa. Cavalry, having enlisted in 1864 and served until the war ended. His first wife was Martha Mellott; his second wife and one daughter, Mrs. George Morse of East Providence, survive. He also leaves several brothers and sisters: Mrs. Frank Bequeth at home, Mrs. Simpson of Mt. Union, Martha and Jacob of near Everett, Caleb of Fulton county, and James of New Enterprise. Funeral services were held in Mt. Pleasant Lutheran church Wednesday afternoon.

"BEDFORD IN YE OLDEN TIME"

For Old Home Week we reprinted from the files of The Gazette two lectures delivered on "BEDFORD IN YE OLDEN TIME" by Dr. Charles N. Hickok more than twenty years ago. It contains 77 pages and will be mailed to any address for 25 cents, or may be purchased at news stands. Send your order to this office.

MENTIONED IN BRIEF

Town Talk and Neighborhood Notes Tersely Told

MANY ITEMS OF INTEREST

Gleaned From Various Sources—Little Points Picked Up By Vigilant Reporters.

Reuben, Boler of Huntingdon county and Lizzie Williams of Saxton were married in Huntingdon this week.

The Bedford Stars and Everett Giants crossed bats at Everett last Friday; score 15 to 4 in favor of the latter.

The Normal Class in the Church of God at Saxton took its final examination last week, all the members made good marks.

Rev. F. W. McGuire of Saxton is at Walnut Grove campmeeting where he gives the Bible readings. Camp closes August 18.

The children of the late Andrew Dibert will hold a reunion at the home of Christian Dibert at Imletown on Saturday.

It was impossible to give the large numbers of callers at this office and the many visitors to town personal mention this week.

Mrs. James B. Fluke of Altoona, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Boor, at this place, fell today and broke her arm.

William S. Reed has resigned as president of the Bedford Baseball Association. His successor will be elected in the near future.

A reunion of the Diehl family will be held on August 31 at the home of John F. Diehl near Ottowa, which is the site of the original settlement of the Diehls.

George H. Dauler, Jr., proprietor of the Chalybeate Springs Hotel, is seriously ill and is under the care of Miss Ethel Smith, a trained nurse of Philadelphia.

The interior of the building back of the jail, occupied by Rev. J. E. Disharoon as dwelling and a small candy store, was destroyed by fire Thursday night.

Dr. J. N. Helman, eyesight specialist of the Mahaffey Optical Co., Pittsburg, will be in Bedford on Wednesday and Thursday, August 14 and 15, at the Bedford House.

The Queen of the Carnival held a reception at her home on West Pitt street Thursday evening at the close of the parade. About seventy-five persons paid their respects.

We sincerely trust that all Old Home Week visitors thoroughly enjoyed themselves and extend to all an invitation to return. Don't go home without a souvenir of our historic town.

The regular meeting of Maj. William Watson Post, No. 332, G. A. R., of Bedford will be held on Tuesday, August 13, at 1:30 p. m. A full turn out is desired as business of importance will be transacted.

The eleventh annual reunion of the Smouse Association will be held at Saxton on Thursday, August 29. An excellent program has been prepared and the public is extended a cordial welcome to be present and enjoy the day.

Rev. A. T. G. Apple, for four years pastor of the St. John's Reformed church in Bedford, will close his pastorate next Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Apple will make their home in Lancaster, where he will assume the Directorship of the Daniel Scholl Observatory and teach Astronomy and Mathematics in Franklin and Marshall College.

On Sunday S. B. Ritchey of Stonerstown, foreman of the erecting shop at the car works, met with a painful accident at Riddlesburg. He had driven to the latter place in a buggy and while unhitching the horse made a break to free itself from the buggy. Mr. Ritchey's leg caught in the buggy wheel and he was thrown, sustaining a severely wrenched leg and bruised body. He is home unable to be out. The horse ran off but was caught at Defiance. Saxton Herald.

Deeds Recorded

Daniel I. Elder to John Worthing, tract in Liberty; \$250.
 W. C. Ashcom, by Treasurer, to Commissioners, 17 acres in Hopewell township; \$8.
 Commissioners to Henrietta C. Ashcom, same; \$11.
 B. F. Madore, attorney in fact, to James M. Cook, lot in Hyndman; \$262.50.
 James M. Cook to Sue Henschke, same; \$1,750.
 DeCharnes Bagley to Harry Bagley, 60 acres in Bedford township; \$300.
 Mary Leonard to Franklin Leonard, lot in Liberty; \$1,000.
 James W. Coughenour to William Scritchfield, 24 acres in Harrison; \$250.
 Samuel Working to Jesse L. Fisher, 103 acres in South Woodbury; \$2,600.
 John Beckley to George Stambaugh, lot in St. Clairsville; \$300.
 Cambria Iron Company to Elizabeth Cartwright, lot in Hopewell; \$60.
 Banner Lanehart to Albert Lermanian, tract in Broad Top; \$500.
 Catherine Ruth to Richard C. Williams, lot in Liberty; \$500.
 Franklin G. Inler to Simon A. Feather, 84 acres in Union; \$1,675.

SCHOOL FOR TELEGRAPHERS

The Pennsylvania Railroad Wants Young Men in Service.

A demand greater than the supply for properly trained young men—strong morally, mentally and physically—to fill salaried positions in the railway service has necessitated the establishment of a Pennsylvania railroad school of telegraphy at Bedford, by J. B. Fisher, Superintendent of Telegraph of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The object is to supply the demand for young men thoroughly trained in the theory and practice of railway telegraphy and business, in order to fill the rapidly increasing vacancies in the railway service. The course will be personally supervised by practical men, present officials of the Pennsylvania railroad.

It will embrace the essentials of telegraph and agency work, and graduates will, immediately upon completion of the course, be furnished with salaried positions. The school will be under the efficient management of J. F. Cessna.

ANNALS OF BEDFORD COUNTY

Is the title of a book of about 90 pages prepared by Hon. William P. Schell for Bedford's Old Home Week. It is a comprehensive and authentic history of the county. Send your order to Hon. William P. Schell or to this office. Price 50 cents, postage paid.

Mrs. Amanda Hite

Mrs. Amanda Hite, aged 63 years, a native of Cumberland Valley, died at the residence of her son-in-law, Benton Cessna, at Mt. Savage, Md., Saturday, August 3. She was the wife of the late Albert Hite, who died about 23 years ago. Mrs. Hite leaves two daughters, Mrs. Benton Cessna and Miss Etta Hite, also the following brothers: John Deffenbaugh of Cumberland Valley, Wilson of Baltimore, Wayne of East St. Louis, Samuel of Kansas City, and three sisters living in Nebraska. Funeral services were held in the Bethel M. E. church in Cumberland Valley Monday afternoon.

Augustus Barrett

Augustus Barrett died at his home in Bean's Cove on Wednesday, August 7. He was born in Oxford, England, and in 1870 went to Cumberland where he held an important position in the rolling mill until 12 years ago, when he moved to Bean's Cove. His wife died eight years ago. He leaves three children: Augustus M. and Mrs. Mary Hollenberger of Bean's Cove, and Mrs. Margaret Brooks of Cumberland. Funeral services were held in the Catholic church at Bean's Cove, conducted by Rev. Father Aloysius.

Samuel Gardner

Samuel Gardner, an aged veteran of the Civil War, died at the home of Samuel Evans near Hyndman last Wednesday, July 30, aged 83 years. Mr. Gardner was a resident of Hyndman but since the death of his wife in April he made his home with his foster daughter, Mrs. Evans. He was a member of Co. D, 55th Regt. Pa. Vol., and was engaged in a number of battles. Funeral services were held in the U. E. church last Thursday afternoon, conducted by Rev. D. J. Hershberger.

Mrs. Henrietta Kegg

Mrs. Henrietta Kegg, a native of New Paris, this county, died at the home of her son, James P. Kegg, at Dunlo, on August 4. The deceased, who was about 75 years of age, suffered a stroke of paralysis a day or two before her death, which, together with diseases incident to old age, weakened her so much that she was unable to survive. She is survived by several children. The remains were taken to New Paris for interment Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Rachel Morris

Mrs. Rachel Morris passed away on August 3 at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Simon Koonitz, near Mt. Dallas, aged 73 years. She was a daughter of Peter Martin and was born August 4, 1834. Her husband, David Morris, died about six years ago. Besides the daughter above mentioned, two sons, William H. and John W. survive her. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. S. LeMar Monday morning.

Mrs. Ellis Amick

Mrs. Ellis Amick of near Maria died last Saturday, August 3, after a short illness, in the 45th year of her age. Besides her husband she leaves a number of small children without a mother's care. The funeral services were held in the Potter Creek Lutheran church Monday afternoon. Interment was made in the cemetery near that place.

SOUVENIR ALBUM

We have in course of preparation an Old Home Week souvenir album which will be profusely illustrated with views of Bedford and Bedford Springs, cuts of Old Court House, Washington's Headquarters, King's House, Fort Bedford, present Public Buildings, Arches, Prominent Men, and of the Parades. It will contain a full account of Old Home Week, giving programs, lines of marches, list of officers and committees, list of contributors and all essential matter pertaining to the celebration. The book will be 9x12 inches, printed on glazed half-tone paper, and will be ready for mailing about August 20. Send your order to this office, 35 cents, postage paid.

Souvenirs of a Criminal Career.

A bedroom papered with the flags of all nations is occupied by an artist who has a hankering for oddities. Every nationality under the sun is represented by the colors on the walls, and the effect upon a person when first entering the room is somewhat dizzying. "These flags," said the artist, "represent a career of crime which has extended over the entire world. In fact, I am an international thief. When I toured Africa, Asia, Europe and Australia some years ago with two other fellow artists, we each carried of our ability in 'painting' towels from the hotels at which we stopped. The fellow who got the lowest number was to pay the passage of the other two back to this country. I came in first by managing to collect 207 towels, many of which came from world famous hotels. When I got them home I immediately turned them into flags with my water colors and they make good souvenirs of my criminal career."—Philadelphia Record

Instinct in Plants.

Climbing plants have two opposing methods of describing spiral growth. The plants that turn to the right in the northern hemisphere reverse this trend in the southern hemisphere, and therefore, for the sake of consistency, it may be preferable to describe the two kinds of spiral tendency as respectively "clockwise" and "counterclockwise," which latter can be shortened to "counterside." The honeysuckle and the hop turn "clockwise," while the convolvulus and the scarlet runner bean twine "counterside." Experiments made by growing scarlet runner beans in opaque cylinders, to discover whether the deviation of the twist was innate or merely from the direction of the light, disclosed the fact that the plant possesses an inclination resembling the instinct of animals, of proceeding in a given direction, and resents any attempt to force it otherwise.

Swedenborg in Ruffles and Wig.

Swedenborg was a great deal in London, where he was known and admired and had several good friends, but his small knowledge of English and the impediment in his speech precluded him from any real intimacy. His slight figure, with its fine features and hazel eyes, was well known in the neighborhood of Coldbath fields, where he lodged, and he was often seen stopping to talk to the children, for whom he used to carry sweetmeats. He was always dressed in an old fashioned suit with lace ruffles and wore a full bottomed wig, carrying a sword and a gold headed cane. On Christmas eve, 1774, he had a stroke of apoplexy, and on March 23, 1772, the day he had foretold, he died at the house which he had himself named.—Occult Review.

Antiquity of Tea Smoking.

"With your tea cigarettes," said the antiquary sternly, "you young ladies think yourselves very modern and decadent. But look here." He took from a portfolio a French print of the seventeenth century that portrayed two men, with cumbersome pipes, charging the same from a box of China tea. "This shows you," the old man said, "the antiquity of tea smoking. It was a common thing in France 200 years ago. Blegut mentions it, and Grand d'Aussy in his 'Histoire de la Vie Privée des Français' describes it in detail. An old vice, a dead vice—for the French found that tea smoking racked the nerves—how very, very foolish you girls are to have revived it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Orphans.

Two of the young friends of Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford gave the authorities of the university so much trouble that they won the nicknames of Ephraim and Phinehas. One day, says T. H. S. Escott in "Society in the Country House," they were lounging about the hall at Cuddesdon palace, singing the Lutheran refrain, "The devil is dead," when the bishop suddenly appeared. He walked very gently up to them and in his most caressing manner, placing one hand on each head, said in a consolatory tone "Alas, poor orphans!"

Two Hundred Species of Roses.

There are 200 species of roses in existence, though perhaps not more than fifty clearly defined families. Of these families only two are of American birth. There are thousands of varieties, however, and of these out enterprising rose growers have contributed by far the largest proportion. The eagerly sought black rose is still unproduced, though a New York florist has a dark red one which in some lights has the appearance of black velvet.—Kansas City Journal.

Made Him Hop.

Miram Hardapple—What made Grandpappy Wheatt jump ten feet and forget his rheumatics when the circus parade passed? Was he afraid of the elephants?

Zeke Crawford—No. He heard the steam calliope and thought it was one of those automobiles with the new-fangled whistles.—Chicago News.

Human Nature.

"Why are guests so habitually discontented?" asked the landlord. "They're not really discontented," answered the clerk. "They merely want to convey a favorable impression about what they are used to at home."—Washington Star.

The Hymn He Didn't Want.

A young man who was to be married in church to a Miss Way, after a courtship of four years, privately requested the choir not to open the service by singing, "This is the Way I long have sought."

If You Read This

It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their resultants, as bronchitis, throat and lung disease (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherry bark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hays, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley, of Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., of Cincinnati; Edwin C. Halse, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of others equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for like purposes that has any such professional endorsement worth more than any number of ordinary testimonials. It is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous, harmful or habit forming drugs and no alcohol—chemically pure, tripled refined glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entirely unobjectionable and besides is a most useful agent in the cure of all stomach as well as bronchial, throat and lung affections. There is the highest medical authority for its use in all such cases. The "Discovery" is a concentrated glyceric extract of native, medicinal roots and is safe and reliable. A booklet of extracts and reliable medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Provocation Enough.

A deaf old gentleman dined with a family where grace was always said. When the guests were seated the host bowed his head and began to repeat the accustomed verse in a subdued, reverent tone.

"Eh? What's that?" demanded the deaf old gentleman, who sat beside him.

The host smiled patiently and began again in a louder, more deprecatory voice.

"Speak a little louder. I don't catch what you say," the old gentleman persisted.

A low ripple of laughter went around the table. The host, his face crimson with embarrassment, raised his voice and repeated the verse. The deaf gentleman did his best to hear, but failed. He placed one hand upon his host's arm.

"What did you say?" he demanded frantically.

"Blas't it, I'm saying grace," he snapped.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Felt Acquainted.

A Boston lady of the most reserved and exclusive type was waiting for her change at the glove counter in one of the large stores when she was approached by a very large, gaudily dressed and loud looking woman, who held out a pudgy hand and said:

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Blank?" Mrs. Blank ignored the proffered hand and, drawing herself up stiffly, said frigidly:

"I do not think that I know you, madam."

"No, I s'pose not," replied the woman, in novice embarrassment by the coldness of her reception, "but I've known you by sight for a long time, and now I've got a hired girl who worked at your house once a year or two ago, and she's told me so much about you that I feel real well acquainted with you. Pleasant day, ain't it? Well, if you ain't polke to sail off without so much as a word! Shows her raisins, anyhow!"

Free, for Catarrh, just to prove merit, a Trial size Box of Dr. Snoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cuts, burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolyzed. Acts like a poultice, and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25c. Sold at Irvine's Drug Store.

Hay Fever and Summer Colds. Victims of hay fever will experience great benefit by taking Foley's Honey and Tar, as it stops difficult breathing immediately and heals the inflamed air passages, and even if it should fall to cure you it will give instant relief. The genuine is in a yellow package. Ed. D. Heckerman.

If you suffer from bloating, belching, sour stomach, indigestion or Dyspepsia, take a Rings Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, and overcome the disagreeable trouble. It will improve the appetite, and aid digestion. Sold at Irvine's Drug Store.

What a New Jersey Editor Says. M. T. Lynch, Editor of the Philadelphia Record, N. J., Daily Post, writes: "I used many kinds of medicines for coughs and colds in my family, but never anything so good as Foley's Honey and Tar. I cannot say too much in praise of it." Ed. D. Heckerman.

Headache and constipation disappear when Dades Little Liver Pills are used. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold at Irvine's Drug Store.

England and Australia are the only islands which exceed Cuba in their natural resources.

A Testimonial For Veracity.

"It's a mighty fine thing to have a character for truthfulness," remarked O'Grady when he returned home the other evening.

"Indade an' it is that same," agreed Mrs. O'Grady, with an approving nod, as she hauled one child out of the fender and scraped the enders off his frock. "An' what makes ye say that, Phelim?"

"Cause me master believes in me veracity intirely," was the response of Phelim. He lighted his short pipe and took his accustomed seat on a broken chair near the chimney. "I told him this morning that I couldn't help being late an' that I had run a mottle in a minute an' a half to get there in time. An' what do ye think he said?"

"Mebbe, that ye deserved another sixpence a week."

"Better than that. These are his very words. 'O'Grady,' says he, 'O' wud just as soon believe ye if ye sed ye had done it in half a minute.' So ye see what faith he has in me veracity intirely."—London Answers.

Reading the Face.

Restless eyes denote a deceitful, designing disposition; greenish eyes mean falsehood, malice and a love of scandal; blue eyes tell of tendency to coquetry; black eyes mean a lively, spirited and sometimes deceitful character; eyes with a yellowish, bloodshot white usually broken strong emotions and hot temper; gray eyes mean dignity and intelligence and brown eyes a tender, true, kind and happy nature. A mouth had better be too large than too small, for a very small, pursed up mouth is seldom significant of good conversational power. Large mouths are more often found in conjunction with liberal dispositions than very small ones. A person with a pointed chin is fanciful, refined in taste and difficult to please. A broad, square chin signifies ardent love, often accompanied by jealousy. A broad, round chin means ardent love, with a steadfastness and purity of affection.

When Did You Oil Your Watch?

When did you oil your watch last? Never? You may remember when you lubricated your sewing machine, typewriter, lawn mower or grindstone—within a year, probably—but your watch you never oiled, that you can remember. Yet in a period of eighteen months the balance wheel turns on its axis 13,996,800,000 times. Expert watchmakers say that a watch should be thoroughly cleaned and oiled every eighteen months. Many persons wear a watch for years, winding it up each night, and never oil it. Watches are instruments of uncertain age; some run indefinitely, keeping accurate time, without need of repairs. As a matter of fact, nothing is so neglected as this small, delicate and useful instrument.—North American.

Blond Indians.

One of the mysteries of Mexico is presented by the Maya Indians, who inhabit the Sierra Madre mountains in the lower part of Sonora. They have fair skins, blue eyes and light hair, and students of ethnology have always been puzzled to account for them. There is a tradition, however, that these Indians are the descendants of the crew and passengers of a Swedish vessel wrecked on the Mexican coast centuries before Columbus discovered the new world. But this tradition is founded on nothing more substantial than a folk tale current among them that their ancestors came over the big salt water hundreds of moons ago.

A Frog of Peculiar Habits.

South America has a frog of peculiar habits. Dwelling in the virgin forests, at the tops of the highest trees, it chooses as a site for its nursery some hollow stump and then proceeds to line it with resin procured from trees in the neighborhood. This lining serves to catch and hold the rainwater, with which it quickly becomes filled. As soon as this takes place the eggs are laid therein, and here they undergo development into tadpoles. How the resin is collected is a mystery, nor is it yet known how the separate pieces become welded to form the water tight basin necessary to insure the safety of the treasures deposited therein.

Something of That Kind.

"Young man," said the serious gentleman, "did you ever pause and think that each tick of the clock brings you another moment nearer to the end of your existence?"

"I was thinking of something of that kind this very minute," cheerfully replied the youth, "only the idea struck me that each tick brought pay day that much nearer."

A Puzzler.

An old white haired darky living on a plantation, not feeling well, had the doctor pay him a visit. The doctor told him as he was getting old he must eat plenty of chicken and stay out of damp night air. "But, sah," said the old darky, "how can you expect me to stay in de house at night and still get my chickens?"

His Rising Day.

"He never did rise in the world till he stumbled over a lot of dynamite," the village gossip said, "an' even then, like so many men in the risin' business, he never did know what he riz fer!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Health Recipe.

One time a man asked the poet Longfellow how to be healthy, and this is the answer he received:

Joy, temperance and repose.
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

England and Australia are the only islands which exceed Cuba in their natural resources.

Don't Use "Practically Pure" White Lead

There is no other pigment that is "practically" White Lead—no other paint that has the properties of Pure White Lead Paint.

Pure White Lead, good paint that it is, cannot carry adulterants without having its efficiency impaired. To get Pure White Lead durability, use

Sterling Pure White Lead

Every keg bears the Dutch Boy trade mark—a guarantee that the contents are absolutely Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

SEND FOR BOOK

"A Talk on Paint," gives valuable information on the paint subject. Sent free upon request.

National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna.
Second National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.



For sale by all dealers.

"T. B. A.'s Poem."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was fond of retelling that anecdote of his own boyish daring which appears in his "Ponkapog Papers," to the effect that upon first entering James T. Fields' office in the Old Corner Bookstore his eyes fell upon that kindly editor and publisher's memorandum-book, open upon the table. Mr. Fields was absent for the moment, and the youthful poet could not help noticing the impressive list of agenda: "Don't forget to mail R. W. E. his contract," "Don't forget O. W. H.'s proofs," etc., whereupon the "young Milton," who certainly deserved to succeed in his profession, wrote upon the memorandum book, "Don't forget to accept T. B. A.'s poem," and disappeared. The poem was accepted, paid for and, truest kindness of all, as Mr. Aldrich asserted, was never printed. But the resourceful youth never lost his deferential attitude toward the bearers of those famous initialed names that had once preceded his own.—Atlantic.

Spoke Too Soon.

The other day a stranger thus addressed a passenger coming out of the Union station:

"You will excuse me, sir, but isn't this?"

The passenger, without waiting for the other to finish, responded:

"Your umbrella? Well, I presume it is, sir. You will allow me to explain that I picked it up on coming out of the train just now. I have great pleasure in restoring it to the rightful owner."

The stranger expressed his thanks and quickly made off. A few minutes later the same stranger, with a brand new umbrella tucked carefully under his arm, asked another individual the same question he had intended to ask the man who handed him the umbrella.

"You will excuse me, sir, but isn't this the nearest way to Fifth avenue?"—Kansas City Independent.

"The Almighty Dollar."

A recent headline, "Rule of the Dollar," has suggested the inquiry, Who originated the familiar phrase "The Almighty dollar"? It was Washington Irving in "The Creole Village," which he published in 1837. The phrase became so popular and excited so much controversy in consequence of a doubt whether the adjective was irreverent that its author had to explain eighteen years later that he had intended "no irreverence, even to the dollar, which he is well aware is becoming daily more and more an object of worship." "Dollar" is certainly one of the world's great words now, and it is difficult to realize that it only means "valleyer," the "thaler" having been named after the Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, in whose valley it was first coined in the sixteenth century.—London Chronicle.

Suicide as Experiment.

A wealthy young man named Leandro Improta after taking refreshment at a cafe in Naples called for pen and ink and wrote a number of notes and letters. He then quietly took out a small revolver and shot himself in the breast. One of the letters found in his pocket runs

To the Curious Public—In this century it is impossible voluntarily to leave this world without great efforts being made on the part of newspapers and curious people to discover the cause of the deed. In my case I wished to study metempsychosis at close quarters. Is that not a fine idea? So much has been written on the subject, and it pleases me to discover instead of talking. So I determined to die and see whether I shall be reborn in the form of some animal. It would be delightful to return to this world as a lion or a rat. This is why I wanted to die. ADDIO.

Everybody loves our baby, rosy, sweet and warm. With kissy places on her neck and dimples on her arms.

Once she was so thin and cross, used to cry with pain—

Mother gave her Cascasweet, now she's well again. Sold by Ed. D. Heckerman.

Fox and Gibbon.

When the furniture of Charles James Fox, the famous English orator and statesman, was sold by auction, there was among the books a copy of the first volume of Gibbon's Roman history. It appeared by the title page that the book had been presented by the author to Fox, but no considerations of sentiment deterred the recipient from writing on the fly leaf this anecdote:

"The author at Brooks' said there was no salvation for this country until six heads of the principal persons in administration were laid on the table. Eleven days after this same gentleman accepted a place of lord of trade, under those very ministers and has acted with them ever since."

Such was the avidity of bidders anxious to secure the least scrap of the writing and composition of the famous owner of the copy that owing to the addition of this little record the book sold for 3 guineas, a large sum for the times.

Better Than the Music.

In one of the Australian mining camps in the old days there were no women and children, only the hard, horny handed men who fought with the earth in the attempt to wrest from it the yellow gold. To the camp there came a band of wandering musicians, and with the band were the wife and baby of one of the members. A grand concert was planned in the big saloon, and a fine dashing programme was given.

But in the midst the baby began to cry.

In an instant a tall Irishman was on his feet.

"Shop the music," he commanded, "stopt the music, and let's hear the blessed baby cry."—Baltimore American.

Good Advice.

Go on in all simplicity. Do not be so anxious to win a quiet mind, and it will be all the quieter. Do not examine so closely into the progress of your own soul. Do not crave so much to be perfect, but let your spiritual life be formed by your duties and by the actions which are called forth by circumstances.—Francis de Sales.

Performed a Miracle.

Her Husband (angrily)—I was a fool when I married you.
His Wife—Aren't you a fool still?
"No; I am not."
"Then you should congratulate me upon my success as a reformer."—Spare Moments.

His View of Nature.

Huxley was once talking to Sir William Gull about the healing power of nature. "Smile," said Gull. "Nine times out of ten nature does not want to cure the man. She wants to put him in her coffin."

The Soft Answer.

Mrs. Benham—You couldn't look me in the face when you came in last night. Benham—That was because your beauty dazzled me, my dear.—New York Press.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

Breathe Hyomei and Relief and Cure Will be Guaranteed.

If you have catarrh, with offensive breath, burning pains in the throat, difficulty in breathing, raising of mucus, discharge from the nose, tickling or dropping from the back of the throat, coughing spasms, etc., begin the use of Hy-o-mei at once.

Hy-o-mei is made from nature's soothing oils and balsams and contains the germ-killing properties of the pine woods. Its medication is taken in with the air you breathe, so that it reaches the most remote part of the respiratory organs, killing all catarrhal germs and soothing any irritation there may be in the mucous membrane.

The complete Hy-o-mei outfit costs but \$1.00; and F. W. Jordan gives his personal guarantee with each package that money will be refunded unless the treatment does all that is claimed for it. Aug. 2-21.

HUNTINGDON & BROAD TOP

"QVOIVIVH NIVNNOOW"

In effect November 26, 1906.

NORTH.	STATIONS.	SOUTH.
p. m. a. m. Lv.	Ar. a. m. p. m.	
5.05	9.40 Mt. Dallas.	10.25 7.15
5.08	9.43 Everett.	10.22 7.12
5.16	9.51 Tatesville.	10.12 7.04
5.26	10.01 Cypher.	10.01 6.54
5.34	10.09 Hopewell.	9.49 6.44
5.38	10.03 Riddlesburg.	9.44 6.44
5.50	10.25 A. Saxton L.	9.32 6.32

Note.

4.50	8.40 L. Dudley A.	10.25 7.35
5.05	8.45 Cosmont.	10.05 7.35
5.20	9.00 A. Saxton L.	9.40 6.00

Note.

5.50	10.25 L. Saxton A.	9.32 6.32
6.01	10.35 Cove.	9.21 6.22
6.06	10.40 Hummel.	9.16 6.12
6.12	10.45 Entriken.	9.11 6.02
6.19	10.52 Marklesburg.	9.04 5.53
6.23	10.56 Brumbaugh.	9.00 5.49
6.28	11.01 Grafton.	8.55 5.53
6.32	11.05 McCannellstn.	8.50 5.45
6.40	11.15 Huntingdon.	8.40 5.40

Note.—Runs between Dudley and Saxton Mondays and Saturdays only.

Bedford Special.

Train No. 5 leaves Huntingdon at 2 p. m. and arrives at Bedford at 10.30 a. m. and Train No. 8 leaves Bedford at 8.15 p. m. and arrives at Huntingdon at 4 p. m.

Sunday Trains

Trains leave Huntingdon at 8.45 a. m. and 5.40 p. m. and arrive at Bedford at 10.30 a. m. and 7.25 p. m. Trains leave Bedford at 9.45 a. m. and 3.30 p. m. and arrive at Huntingdon at 11.30 a. m. and 5.15 p. m.

DeWitt's CARBOLIZED WITCH HAZEL SALVE For Piles, Burns, Sores.

SHORT TALKS BY L. T. COOPER.

NERVOUSNESS.

Nervousness makes people miserable, blue, and unhappy. They think something terrible is going to happen. At night they toss and worry and are not rested. They tire easily and haven't much energy. They think many things are the matter with them.

Consumption, Kidney trouble, or twenty other diseases. It's just stomach trouble, nothing else in the world. Two bottles of Cooper's New Discovery will put the stomach in shape in three weeks. I know this because I've seen it tried a thousand times. Then all nervousness will disappear. I know this too, because I've seen it happen a thousand times. Here's a letter I got the other day:

"My system was badly run down and my stomach and nerves in an awful shape. I could not digest my food, was always tired and would often feel faint and dizzy." "I had heard so much of your New Discovery medicine that I began taking it. Relief and strength and happiness were found in the very first bottle and the benefit I have received from it has been truly wonderful. I am no longer nervous, my appetite and digestion are good and I eat everything I desire well." Mrs. W. J. Schaurer, 220 Guthrie St., Louisville, Ky.

We sell Cooper's New Discovery. It makes tired, worn out, nervous people happy.

Ed. D. Heckerman

A Rational Treatment for Catarrh

is one that soothes the inflamed and congested membranes and heals and cleanses without "drugging" the affected parts.

Nosena
gives quick and permanent relief from Catarrh, Colds—all affections of the membranes of the nose and throat.
We Guarantee Satisfaction.
Buy a 50-cent tube of NOSENA from J. R. IRVINE & COMPANY.
and get your money back if not satisfied. Sample tube and Booklet by mail 10c.
BROWN MFG. CO.
St. Louis, Mo. Greenville, Tenn.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR \$1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at J. Reed Irvine's Drug Store

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PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo for examination. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc., in ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.

Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 522 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

You May Need It

Ask your doctor about the wisdom of your keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, ready for colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis. If he says it's all right, then get a bottle of it at once. Why not show a little foresight in such matters? Early treatment, early cure.

We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Many a boy is called dull and stupid, when the real trouble is due to a lazy liver. We firmly believe your own doctor will tell you that an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills will do such boys a great deal of good. They keep the liver active.

The Vanishing Trick.
Into the grocer's shop walked an ancient lady with a slow and halting tread and carrying on her arm a basket containing a large earthenware pot with a lid. Placing the basket on the counter, she made various purchases, which she put carefully in the pot, and had her bill made out.

"By the way," she said before paying this, "do you mind keeping this pot with the purchases in it until I come back and pay for them, as I have to buy other things some distance off, and it will be more convenient for me to leave the things here till later?"

This request was willingly acceded to, and, lifting the pot carefully out of the basket, the old dame placed it, with an effort, in a corner; then, placing her basket on her arm, left the shop. Hours went by, day ripened into evening, and evening gave way to night, but the old woman did not return. At last the proprietor thought of examining the earthenware pot to see if by any chance it had its owner's address upon it, and great was his astonishment, not untinged with dismay, to find that it possessed no bottom.—London Answers.

Witchcraft in the Nineteenth Century.

Most people believe that witchcraft among civilized people ended when the "Salem witch mania" ran its course and died out in the year 1692. It did as far as America is concerned, except among savages, but in other countries the belief in the superstition did not die until a much later date, even if it can be truly said to be dead now. In France an old beggar was tortured to death as late as 1807 on the charge of being one who "communed with evil spirits," and in Spain a witch was burned in 1808. In 1850 in France, a man and his wife tortured a suspected witch to death, and nothing at all was done with them by the criminal courts on account of the lingering belief in sorcery. Four years later a witch was drowned in England, and in 1860 one was burned in Mexico. In 1874, 1879, 1880 and again in 1889 witches were publicly burned in Russia, and even as late as 1890 regular judicial trials of witches were had in Prussia, Poland and Austria-Hungary.

Hoped He Wouldn't Grow.

A well known member of parliament was addressing an agricultural meeting in the south of England and in the course of his remarks expressed the opinion that farmers do not sufficiently vary their crops and make a mistake in always sowing wheat.

One of the audience opposed to him in politics asked him what crops he would recommend.

"Everything in turn," he replied.

"Well," said his interlocutor, "if swedes don't come up, what then?"

"Sow mustard," said the M. P.

"And if mustard doesn't come up, what then?"

And so he went on through a whole list of crops until, the M. P.'s patience being exhausted, he put an end to his questioning amid roars of laughter by saying:

"Oh, sow yourself, and I hope you won't come up."

Circumstantial Evidence.

Chick Bruce was a famous Adirondack guide, who accompanied Grover Cleveland on one or two of his hunting trips in those mountains. Chick left Mr. Cleveland sitting on a log one morning while he went out to drive down a deer should he chance to find one. When he came back he saw his distinguished employer still sitting on the log, but with the muzzle of his gun pointing directly at the presidential chest.

"Here," shouted Chick, "quit that, dodgast ye! Suppose that gun had gone off and you had killed yourself, what would have happened to me? Darn ye, everybody knows I'm a Republican!"—Saturday Evening Post.

I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative. It brings lasting relief in Stomach, Kidney and Heart troubles, through the inside nerves. No matter how the nerves become impaired this remedy will rebuild their strength, a remedy that cures through the inside nerves. Write me today for sample. Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all dealers.

Keep the pores open and the skin clean when you have a cut, burn, bruise or scratch. DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores and heals quickly. Sold by Ed. D. Heckerman.

Beau Brummel.
Brummel went to prison for debt, but came out again to resume his fopperies. His friends made him a small allowance of £120 per annum, equal at Caen to £300, but he could not be expected to live on such a pittance. When he had not 4 francs in the world he would order boot polish at 5 francs a bottle from Paris and call the tradesman who supplied it "a scoundrel" for venturing to ask for his money. In the end his intellect gave way. He lost his memory and much of his little mind. He grew slovenly and careless, yet to the last clung to his eau de cologne and some other luxuries. Finally, his mind all gone, he was removed to a charity hospital, being now reduced to the utmost impoverishment and content to change his linen once a month instead of three times a day, as of old. Here he died under the care of sisters of charity on March 30, 1840. Thus ended the striking career of perhaps the most worthless for whom history records, his death being a fitting termination to his useless life.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin.
Cock robin is a great nuisance when the nest is undergoing repairs or has to be rebuilt, for he everlastingly bothers the lady robin while she goes about her fine art of nest building. Does he ever assist in the good work? Not he. He will not sell his pretty bill with one bit of light or moss, or anything necessary for the nest. After the little fellows are hatched he becomes a genuine old hen, and will hover about the nest while the lady is away for worms for her young. He may once in a while forget his lordliness and bring a worm for his lady, but as for food for his offspring, the fuzzy little fellows would starve were they to depend upon the father robin for food. He seldom bothers about the little ones' first flight attempts, and will sit perched handily by while mamma tackles the delightful task. But let danger approach the young or the mate, and lo and behold! Mr. Robin becomes a genuine fighter, and will draw near to the jaws of death boldly and without hesitation.—London Telegraph.

Fault of the Sex.
"John, look at that yacht," said Mrs. Stubb, who was leaning over the rail. "Just see how clumsily she tacks." "What is the name?" queried Mr. Stubb from the steamer chair. "Edith."

"Well, no wonder. Anything feminine always tacks clumsily."—Houston Post.

THE MASK OF HEALTH

Few People Are Really as Well as They Look. Cause and Remedy.

Many people in Bedford, both men and women, who believe themselves to be in perfect health, are often in the greatest danger.

The most common cause of ill health is indigestion, with a myriad of symptoms such as headache, sleeplessness, specks before the eyes, pains in the back and side, distress after eating, etc.

In the last few years the success of physicians everywhere with Micon stomach tablets has made them known far and wide as the acknowledged specific for the treatment of stomach diseases. They strengthen the digestive organs so that in a few days the stomach is in such shape that it takes care itself of all the food that is eaten without pain or distress.

F. W. Jordan gives an absolute unqualified guarantee that your money will be refunded unless Micon-na cures. He takes the whole risk and the remedy will not cost you a penny unless it cures you. Aug 2-2t.

A Large Order.

The proprietor of a certain restaurant "leased" the reverse side of his bill of fare to a carriage manufacturer, who prints advertisements thereon. The other day a customer, in a great hurry, ran into the restaurant, sat at a table and was handed a bill wrong side up by the flurried waiter. The customer put on his pince-nez, curled his mustache with his left hand and shouted in a voice of thunder: "Bring me a fly, a laudan, two victorias and a dogcart. Got any funeral cars?" The waiter fled.—London Graphic.

Judgment Reversed.

Schoolteacher—I am sorry to complain, but Johnnie Jones has been very impertinent. Principal—You must be more patient, Miss Howard. Teach the children to respect you as they do me, and we shall have fewer complaints. What did he say? Schoolteacher—He said you were the skinniest old maid alive!—Brooklyn Life.

The Disadvantages of Schools.

"Why have you taken your son out of school without asking permission?" Father (a grocer)—But they were ruining him. I wish to bring him up to carry on my business, and they were teaching him that there are sixteen ounces in a pound.—Matto Pa Ridere.

A Nice Present.

It is said of a champion mean man that the only present he ever made to his wife was on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, when he gave her four yards of cotton cloth with which to make him a shirt.

TEN YEARS IN BED

"For ten years I was confined to my bed with disease of my kidneys," writes A. R. Gray, J. P., of Oakville, Ind. "It was so severe that I could not move part of the time. I consulted the very best medical skill available, but could get no relief until Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me. It has been a God-send to me." Ed. D. Heckerman.

The Conquest Of Cutler.

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

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Tennant saw her first when she rounded the hotel point and headed for the open bay. She was alone, but the little naphtha launch belonged to Cutler. There was no mistaking that. With its polished brass rails, its red morocco cushions and its trim, slender lines, it was the smartest bit of sailing craft on Lake Glenora.

And for over three weeks Muriel Arden had had the sole exclusive use of it and had exercised the privilege at every opportunity. To Tennant it was more than mere girlish willfulness. It was frankly flaunting in his face her conquest of Cutler and her defiance of himself and preference for things belonging to said Cutler.

He watched her as she neared the pier. If she saw the tall, moody figure in gray flannels, she made no sign. Hatless, the wind blowing her brown hair back from her tanned, clear cut face, she held her way steadily toward the open bay, one hand on the little brass tipped pilot wheel, and looked neither to the right nor the left.

Phil Tennant muttered something under his breath and turned quickly on his heel toward the hotel. It was after 7. If he hurried, he could still catch the night boat for Chicago. Perhaps he could even get away before she returned. It was growing late. Up at the hotel they were lighting the colored Japanese lanterns around the verandas. There was to be a hop that night. He remembered Muriel had told him she was going to it with Cutler. He avoided the main entrance, with its palms and pretty girls, and slipped up to his own room to pack his suit cases. On the way upstairs he met Cutler, who looked anxious and annoyed.

"Did you see the little girl anywhere?"

Tennant turned on him hotly. "Whom do you refer to?"

Cutler laughed easily, without malice, and ignored the resentment in the other's tone.

"There's a storm coming up, and I didn't want her to go out in my boat alone."

As he passed on downstairs leisurely Tennant paused and looked after him, his fists clenched tightly. He would have enjoyed flinging him down the whole flight for those words. "The little girl!" It was the easy proprietary familiarity that cut. That any man on earth should dare to use that tone in speaking of Muriel—his Muriel! Then like a flash came the memory of that straight, cold little figure in the launch as it had passed the pier, of the proud little face that would not turn his way, and he went on upstairs with a dogged, bitter sense of all things gone wrong. Perhaps she was Cutler's "little girl."

The Chicago boat was due at the Glenora at 8:30. At 8 the music of the Hungarian string orchestra came softly from the palm hidden ballroom. For a moment Tennant hesitated on the veranda listening to it. Muriel was in there, he thought. She had probably returned and was dancing, perhaps with Cutler, while he was going away from her forever. He had been a fool to come at all. It had been her half laughing challenge, that last night on the roof garden. They were with the Wilburton party. Cutler had been there also, but Muriel had sat next to Tennant, and he had fancied that last instant on the stairs that she had meant more than a mere flirtation when she had said she hoped he would be a member of the summer colony at Glenora.

He had taken her at her word and gone to Glenora, and what Miss Arden had begun on the roof garden she finished at Glenora. But Tennant was slow, slow to fall in love, slow to believe that he had the ghost of a chance with a girl like Muriel Arden, slower yet to risk that chance in one last throw. And while he had waited, sure of himself, but doubtful of Muriel, Cutler had come down with his launch, his motor car, his coach and all the other accessories of half a dozen million or so, and Muriel had seemed to waver.

The night air was still and heavy. Suddenly a sweep of cool, keen wind blew in freshly from the bay. It caught the frail Jap lanterns and tossed them like leaves to and fro. The bamboo curtains at the long French windows rustled and swung inward, and out on the lawn the palms and willows bent before it with a lithe, swift obeisance.

Tennant jammed his hat low over his eyes and started on a run for the pier. The rain splashed in his face, and a glare of dazzling light shot across the northwest heavens. He ran faster. If he could make the boathouse before the storm broke, he could take the steamer. Just as the thunder burst in a low report from the gray edged black clouds he passed Cutler's boathouse, and as the next flare of quick lightning came he saw that it was empty. The Nixie was gone from its place.

The pier was deserted except for a sleepy boy at the baggage shed. Tennant called for a boat, for anything that could ride through the black, rolling waves that lashed along the piling by the dock. There was no time to get back to the hotel or to give the alarm for the life savers. Muriel was out there, out in the storm and the peril of the night alone, and he must go to her.

Shaking the boy, gripping him until he squealed with pain, Tennant wrung from him somehow that the only boat to be had was Cutler's electric motor

boat, a small, low affair that only carried one, and that in fair weather.

"You ain't going out on Michigan with her, are you?" asked the boy Tennant smiled grimly and sprang into the boat as the next wave lifted it up. It was a mere sliver of a thing, built on the lines of a racing shell. He had owned one of his own the previous summer and understood the mechanism. With the wind cutting sharply across his face he whipped cleanly out into the bay. Somewhere he would find her, he told himself, bending low over the little pilot wheel and holding his breath as the little boat took the water fairly. Cutler's boat! He laughed to himself. There was a certain fitness about the proceeding that pleased him.

Muriel had headed the Nixie due west, straight out through the narrow channel from little Lake Glenora into Lake Michigan. Two arms of land and rock stretched out to meet Michigan. On one, Rock point, stood the big summer resort hotel. The other was a long, barren waste of rocks that seemed endless when the lake was calm. One by one, overlapping each other, they lay from the beach far out into the bay like some gigantic necklace. The windstorm would catch the little launch before she could possibly reach the open channel, Tennant reasoned, and blow it over on the reef.

"Look out for the Chicago boat," shouted the deck boy after him. "She's coming down the lake now."

Tennant hardly heard him. The storm had broken in full force, and the tiny shell of a boat shivered and trembled like a frightened animal as he turned it into the channel. Straight for the reef he headed, but the waves were so high he could not even catch a glimpse of the chain of rocks, and suddenly a path of clear white light swung leisurely across the sky and flashed directly on the reef. It was the searchlight on the White City. Two things it showed Tennant in that single wave of light. Just ahead of him was Cutler's boat, riding the waves like a gull, dipping with every lurching swell and showing the next instant on the topmost crest. And it was directly in the course of the White City. And clinging to the little pilot wheel, striving to guide the launch back safely, was Muriel, her long dark hair loose and whipped by the wind across her face. Just for an instant he saw her, then the great arc of light had swept back to the far end of the little lake and all was blackness ahead.

Blindly Tennant drove the little motor boat forward, and suddenly side by side it crashed into the launch. For one instant the two touched, but in that instant Tennant had made the leap safely. Before he could recover his balance the motor boat had vanished like a leaf in the storm, and he was in the launch.

"Give me the wheel!" he said hoarsely. And as the White City swung by the Nixie rose on her swell, wave-swept and battered, but secure, with a strong hand on her little brass tipped pilot wheel.

"Phil, Phil, listen to me!" Down beside him in the boat knelt Muriel, white to her lips, but happy, happy in spite of the fact that they two had faced death together but an instant before. "Did we smash his old boat?"

"Absolutely." Tennant's arms tightened about her. The pilot wheel was very much in the way.

"I knew that you would come," she went on. "I saw you on the pier, but I thought you would come right away—that was why I went out alone."

And light dawned slowly on Tennant. It was his first lesson in the contradictions of Muriel.

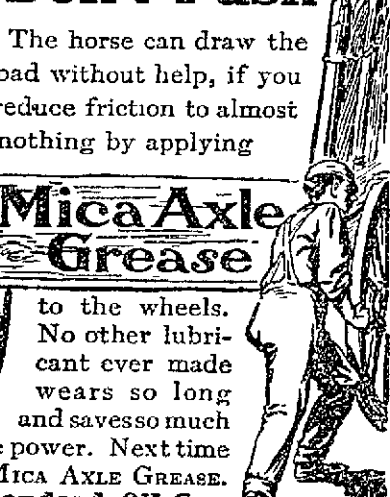
"And I was going back on that boat tonight," he said.

Muriel laughed and pushed her wet hair back from her face.

"Mr. Cutler took that boat, Phil," she said.

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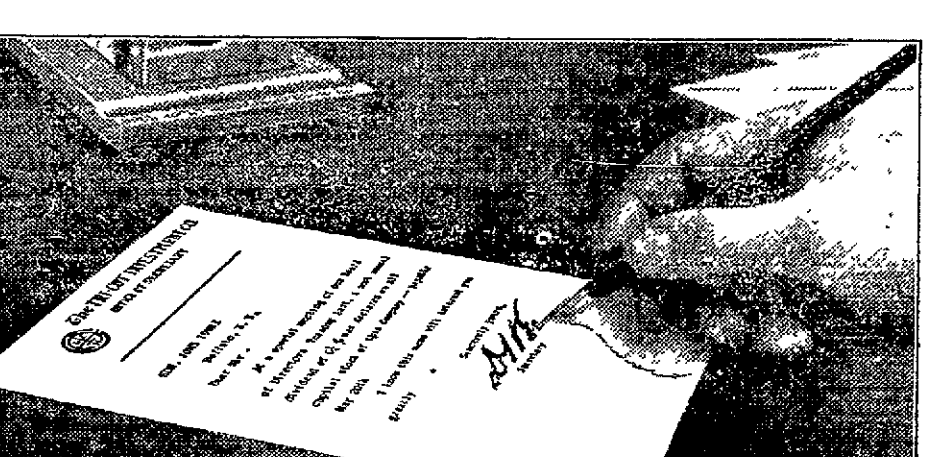
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Bedford Gazette

ESTABLISHED IN 1805

S. A. VAN ORMER,
Editor and Publisher.

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The Gazette is the leading newspaper of Bedford county and its circulation is far ahead of any of its contemporaries. As an advertising medium it is one of the best in this part of the state.

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Gazette Publishing Co.,
Bedford, Pa.

Friday Morning, August 9, 1907

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET

For State Treasurer
JOHN G. HARMAN,
of Columbia County.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET

For Director of Poor
J. T. ANDERSON,
Bedford Township.

For County Surveyor
GEORGE W. BLACKBURN,
New Paris.

OLD HOME WEEK

Bedford has had a week that will live in local history. Old Home Week has been an unqualified success and the town is proud of the achievement. More than two years ago M. P. Heckerman suggested the idea of Bedford's having an Old Home Week celebration in a letter to the Gazette, and since that time he, in his trips, has made it a point to call on former residents of Bedford and Bedford county and urge them to return to old Bedford, and the result of his calls he has made known in frequent letters to the Gazette.

Some months ago an organization was effected and work was begun in earnest. The younger element of the town became interested and the work was pushed with vigor. Weekly meetings of the several committees were held at which reports were made, and as time passed enthusiasm increased, and the committees may now feel proud of the result of their efforts.

The chairman of the executive committee, Maj. S. F. Statler, has given much of his time and his energy to the celebration and he has been ably assisted by the chairman and members of the several committees, all of whom have worked with energy, while the papers of the county have all aided in giving publicity to the great home-coming event. The finance committee, and especially the chairman, Bedford's popular Burgess, John R. Jordan, deserve special mention for the success they achieved in securing subscriptions.

It is a credit to the town and the county that the crowd was orderly and, good-natured. There was little drunkenness and there were few arrests. The presence of a detail of the State Constabulary had a good effect. The detail was procured to secure our people and our visitors against pickpockets and crooks who usually attend such celebrations, nor did the borough authorities stop with securing the detail of the State Constabulary and with the increased police force. They secured the services of an experienced detective who knows most of the crooks who frequent such gatherings, and this detective, Harry White of Harrisburg, while he had little to do proved himself efficient for he spotted three crooks and they left town at his suggestion. He also stopped some illegal games, thus saving visitors from being "fleeced."

That 10,000 or 12,000 people could assemble in Bedford to participate in such a celebration and that the town could handle the unusual crowd without friction is little short of phenomenal.

The celebration is now practically a matter of history and Bedford may well feel proud of this, the biggest time in her long life.

CREDITABLE

The people of Bedford have done their duty nobly in the Old Home Week celebration. Merchants and tradesmen took a great deal of pains and went to much expense in some instances in preparing floats and exhibits for the trades' display; the citizens of the town threw their doors

wide open to the many guests who came back for the celebration; the contributions were liberal and cheerfully given, and the result is lauded by everybody.

The sons and daughters of the historic town and county have, in most instances, made a success in their chosen spheres in other sections of the country and they richly deserved the royal reception given them. The many "welcome home" to be read on the arches and over the doors of business places and homes; the innumerable flags that floated on the streets and buildings of the town; the extensive and costly decorations in general must have meant a thrill through the hearts of the home-comers at first sight, and the cordial welcome that they received from our open-hearted, public-spirited citizens must have been reassuring.

The Gazette extends congratulations to all who assisted in making Old Home Week so marked a success and expresses the hope that the renewal of old acquaintances and the making of new ones has proved beneficial both to the people of the town and to those who were within her walls during the writing of the brightest page of all her history.

Cogan-Diehl

At the Reformed parsonage, Friend's Cove, on August 7, Rev. C. W. Summey united in marriage Jacob Cogan of Saxton and Nettie S. Diehl of Ottowa.

Postmaster's Organize

The postmasters of the fourth-class offices of Bedford county met in the court house at Bedford on August 6, and organized a county league. The meeting was called to order by Brother John H. Barney of Clearville. The following officers were elected: President, John H. Barney of Clearville; Vice President, Harry J. Evans of Hopewell; Secretary, Charles P. James of Rainsburg; Treasurer, John H. Little, Jr., of Defiance; Brother John H. Barney of Clearville was elected delegate to the State Convention.

The next meeting will be held in the court house on Thursday of Fair week at 1 o'clock. We hope that all fourth-class postmasters of Bedford county will be there and help the good work along.

C. P. James, Secy.

Earlston Man In Luck

Richard Schweitzer of Earlston was the recipient of good news from relatives in Germany recently, to the effect that 1600 marks, his share of his deceased father's estate, is being held for him. Schweitzer, who came to America in 1882 has resided in Riddsburg and Everett since that time and had been declared legally dead by the German courts. He has employed Atty. J. F. Biddle to procure the money awaiting him.

Marriage Licenses

Harvey R. Gillum and Ida Bennett, of Rainsburg.

J. A. Erhard and Clara V. Jamison, of Hyndman.

Edward J. Bennett of Everett and Amy H. Stahle of Anarant, Fulton county.

William Glen Davis of Napier and Linea Ingalls of Imbertown.

Harvey F. Kramer of Bedford township and Irene Belle Rice of South Woodbury.

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Have you read about the California Pa. State Normal for the last three weeks in The Gazette? It trains teachers, giving them free tuition while in school, and life certificates to teach after graduation. It also has fine music and commercial departments. Three large dormitories give the students a safe and pleasant home life. A faculty of thirty trained teachers, each a specialist in his own department, is a guarantee of strong and effective school work. For catalogue, address "Normal," California, Pa.

Mid-Summer Entertainment

An entertainment will be given at the Seminary in Schellsburg, Monday evening, August 12, at 7.30 p. m. The entertainment will consist of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, and magic lantern views. Visiting guests in town will assist home talent in giving the entertainment. Admission 10 and 15 cents.

Bunning's Creek Reformed Charge
St. Luke's: Sunday school 9 a. m.; preaching 10 a. m. St. Paul's: Sunday school 1 p. m.; preaching 2 p. m. B. F. Bausman, Pastor.

Welmer-Gates

Cutbert E. Welmer and Mame O. Gates, of Hopewell, were married at Trinity Lutheran parsonage, Bedford, by Rev. M. L. Culler on August 7.

OLD HOME WEEK

(Continued from First Page.)

great explosion which scattered their forces in the belief that Washington was coming. Some people in the neighborhood were blowing rocks. But the better opinion is that they were inspired, rather, by a returning sense of obligation to the law than by fears.

In the early forties a clergyman of the German Reformed or Lutheran congregation (who then shared the same church) lived in a little brick house on a corner of a lot of the Shuck's beyond Vondersmiths. He was a tall, spare, ascetic looking gentleman, as nearly as I can recall him. At any rate, he was down town one Saturday when a man out of Dutch Corner staggered against him. "Don't you (hic) know, me, Mr. Leidy?" "No, I do not," said the grave clergyman, looking down with disgust. "Why you ought to (hic) know me, for you have been one of my jobs, do with it."

In reunions like this, destined to become a more and more important feature of our social life, for which you left your business and your cares, is the only rational socialism. They have their motive and inspiration in the best sentiment of the hearts of men. If many have left the homes of their childhood and youth "to drag at each remove a lengthened chain," with what joy do they return? If Bedford is a good place to go away from, it is the best in the world to come back to. What associations are revived in hearing the once familiar tones of the Sabbath bells:

Dear Bells! How sweet the sounds of village bells,
When on the undulating air they swim!

Now loud as welcome, faint now as farewell,
And trembling all about the breezy dells

As fluttered by the wings of cherubim;
Meanwhile the bees are chanting a low hymn;

While lost of sight the ecstatic lark above,
Sings like a soul beautified of love.

The writer of these lines was a home-comer. Another bard and home-comer who is with us, Mr. B. F. Myers, has sung:

Once more hear the bells when herdsman
Drive the kine up from the dale,
When each heifer skips in gladness
And no lambs stray in the vale.

O'er abyss and peak point climbing
I would mark the lake's clear blue,
Where the cascade from the rock leaps
And the home-land comes to view.

So long as such spontaneous groups as these are gathered throughout the land, with that unconscious assertion of the spirit of individualism, with its promises of regenerating human nature by suppressing its best with its worst impulses will remain but the dream of visionaries. But to prepare us for this millennium the doctrines tell us that men exist only for society, and that the first condition of its reorganization is to surrender their property; their earnings and their will to the keeping of the commune. This is simply reversing the truth that society exists for men. In a savage state, or in a misanthropic mood, men sometimes do without society, but society cannot exist without men—and women.

Yet many people are looking out of their windows in the hope that one of these fine mornings they will witness the rise of the sun of socialism, beneath whose radiant beams all ideas, sentiments, enterprises, industries, and morals will be cast into a common mould. What they would realize is universal anarchy or a system of slavery worse than the world has ever suffered. But to this is opposed the spirit of individualism, of which this home-coming is the genial and spontaneous manifestation. If men are not attached to the earth like the plant, they do cling by a thousand ties of sentiment and association to the soil on which they were born, to the environments in which they have grown to manhood and womanhood. From the consciousness of this springs the only true and enduring patriotism. Shakespeare's Coriolanus held in lofty disdain the rights and interests of the people, but he was an aristocrat and a traitor.

The healthy individualism which we celebrate, not to be confounded with revolutionary lawlessness and anarchy, is developing more and more self reliance, and its free play will extinguish the last traces of dependence and servitude. In this is the only sure basis of society, the only safeguard of all rights. In spite of the sophists the strong man is not the Superman of Nietzsche and Bernard Shaw, who tramples on all rights of the weak, but he is the one, who, drawn to all others, as you are here by the ties of thought and heart.

A week or two ago I witnessed a grand manifestation of the social spirit in the gathering at Philadelphia of many thousands from all parts of this great land to exchange friendly greetings. What mystic rites, if any, may have bound them I know not, but they seemed to be united only by ties of good fellowship. You might have objected to the want of a formal introduction when a man from Nome in Alaska greets with a "Hello Bill" his brother from El Paso, Tex., whom he has never seen before, but it was the "touch of nature that makes all men kin." Much is heard of the sordid money-getting habits of the age, but you might have thought on surveying that joyous multitude that they had never hoarded a dollar in their lives and never intended to. They went from home in obedience to the finer impulses of the social sentiment. For my part I prefer the deeper-lying home-coming sentiment.

At the Philadelphia railroad station on our way here we observed groups of gaudily-dressed, dark-complexioned Orientals, the gypsies, a people who have no home and no country. They also had caught the social sentiment and were going somewhere to hold a big convention. If I keep on at this rate this may become a rhapsody of an optist instead of a peevish groan of querulous age over the wretchedness of the world and the loss of the faint and far-off illusions of childhood. When people can no longer enjoy

This beautiful, bounteous earth
Nor dote upon a jest
Within the limits of becoming mirth,

their condition is hard enough. But without agreeing at all with Pangloss that "everything is for the best in this best of possible worlds," you will point in vain to any former period in human history in which the masses of the people have enjoyed so great a material and moral benefit. Without insisting upon the perfection of Utopia, is it not reasonable to conclude that the upward movement is not arrested?

As evidence of the mighty progress of the century those who trouble themselves with such things will recall the fact that a little more than a hundred years ago a benevolent clergyman of the Church of England, named Matthues, launched his famous essay on Population. This was what was called an epoch-making book in which the learned writer undertook to prove that while population increases in geometrical proportions, the means of subsistence increase only in arithmetical proportions. That is to say, when population is at 3, the means of subsistence are at 2, but when the population increases to 32, the means of subsistence are only at 6. The book was translated into all languages and provoked an interminable controversy. The only hope of redressing the balance was in war, pestilence and famine, vices and misery, in sweeping away the surplus refuse of mankind.

At last it was shown that the alleged ratio of population and subsistence was utterly untrue, and the bottom of the theory fell out. It is not that the benevolent clergyman looked with favor upon the consequences of his doctrine—far from it. But it was quite comforting to an egotistical portion of his adherents who asked themselves: why relieve the misery of the poor when this is only to increase the means of subsistence? It was so easy to shift the burden upon Providence. If war decimated the flower of the nation, this was within the decree of Providence to get rid of the surplus population that the fittest might survive. If cities neglected the means of sanitation and pestilence raged within their walls, again it was Providence, and instead of cleaning their sewers, prayers were recommended to stay His wrathful hand. When famine occurred in one region for want of transportation, while plenty prevailed on the other side of the mountain, this, too, was in the inscrutable design of Providence. Said the good sign of Old Montague: "Why the vines of our gardens are nipped by the frost, our village priest at once concludes that the indignation of God is gone out against the whole human race, and the cannibals already have the pips."

It would require volumes to depict the mighty changes that the world has accomplished across the gulf of a century in the free development of the spirit of individualism. To refer only to the material aspect, of the question that was raised by the doctrine of Matthues, population has already increased with the diminution of war and other scourges and is in the enjoyment of greater comfort and security than ever before, and the means of subsistence are more than keeping pace with it. While lands under cultivation are made more productive by science, vast regions of surpassing fertility and capable of sustaining ten times the population now on earth are as yet untouched by the plow. To describe these regions would be merely to recapitulate chapters in geography. The French are revolving a scheme to turn the waters of the Atlantic on the great desert of Sahara and make it bloom like a garden.

Yet with all these changes and with all that may be anticipated from the free exercise of individualism toward perfecting society and government, evils are not going to be soon banished from the world. In spite of the Hague Congress it would be the extreme rashness of optimism to expect that war would cease. Those who do not accept the theory of Darwin as to man being a blood-cousin of the monkey, must concede that he is very like him in structure. Though he can no longer climb a tree he has canine teeth, is carnivorous, was formerly a cannibal, a hunter, and warlike, a slayer of his fellow-men, the midst of peace and civilization he is himself by flinging a dynamite bomb in a railway station, or in a street crowded with women and children. But while society will dispose of this class of its enemies, wars will become less and less frequent as the traces of the relationship with our former cousins grow more faint. Leslie Stephen says of a long war in the earlier part of the eighteenth century: "For what reason Englishmen were fighting at Dettingen or Fontenoy or Lauffeld is a question which a man can answer only when he has been specially crammed for examination, and his knowledge has not begun to ooze out of him."

Besides the patient Jinggo who seizes the battle afar off and who the other day thought he saw an opportunity for gratifying his appetite in the report of a naval promenade around South America, there are at least two other types that come to the surface in war times. The first is described by the contented citizen in Goethe's Faust: "Nothing delights us so much on Sundays and holidays as to talk of war and war cries afar off in the Turkies where the people are slaughtering each other, while we stand at our windows and see the gay ships go by and bless the peace."

The other type consists of those who do not begin to get mad, fighting mad, I mean, till the war is over. Then as in the late Civil War it is

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Thursday, August 14 and 15.

EXAMINATIONS FREE

Overcoming Headaches and Nervousness our specialty. All lenses guaranteed for two years. Prices from \$2 to \$8. We do not peddle. Please call at Hotel. Examination free.

Dr. J. N. Helman, eye-sight specialist of the Mahaffey Optical Co., 339 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., will make his regular visit to Bedford next Wednesday and Thursday, August 14 and 15, at the Bedford House.

This makes our sixth visit to Bedford. We make regular trips every two months, and have fitted hundreds of people since coming here. All lenses are guaranteed for two years and any change or re-correction needed within that time is made free of charge. Our permanent office is 339 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., directly opposite the Grand Theatre. Should you be unable to call during our visits here, would be glad to see you at our office when in the city.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A LEGITIMATE OPTICIAN AND ONE WHO PEDDLES

Would you have any dealings with a medical doctor who came to your door and inquired if there were any persons in the house who were sick and needed treatment? No, you would not trust your health in such a person's hands, knowing that he was the competent it would not be necessary to go from door to door soliciting business, yet there are a great many people who allow a stranger who peddles from house to house to examine their eyes and fit them with glasses, in most all cases it is a person they never saw or heard of, and probably will never see again. Your sight is just as precious as your health, and should not be tampered with. Dr. J. N. Helman of the Mahaffey Optical Co. is well known in this part of Pennsylvania and visits Bedford every two months. We do not peddle, when we fit a pair of glasses we know they are right, and guarantee them to be so; should any change or correction be needed within two years, we make it free of charge, and we are here every two months to make good our guarantee. Our system of examination does not require the use of Drops or Drugs.

DO YOU KNOW

That the use of perfectly fitted glasses will relieve and overcome headaches, burning eyes, nervousness, black spots and defective vision, and the early use of glasses when first we notice any eye trouble, will in most cases prevent some eyes, diseases of the eyes and the permanent loss of sight. In almost all cases of the above symptoms the vision is perfect, which leads us to attribute our eye trouble to some other cause.

WHY SO MANY PEOPLE WEAR GLASSES

The use of glasses in the last few years has increased so rapidly that we cannot say as of old "FOR STYLE," they are a necessity and cannot be dispensed with.

YOUR CHILDREN'S EYESIGHT

Children's eyes should be carefully watched and any symptoms of eye deficiencies should be attended to at once, as the eyes of any child which are defective, will, if neglected, develop into serious trouble later. The latest statistics show over eighty-five thousand totally blind in the United States, and almost sixty-five thousand of those became blind after twenty years of age. This shows how neglect of children's eyes will develop seriously after maturity.

"Whenthelettersruntogether"

When you read is the best evidence in the world that your eyes need the aid of glasses. The strained effort you make to read or do close work costs extra nerve and muscular force and the result is pain in the eyes and headaches. You can stop this if you will be getting glasses that will properly neutralize the effect.

EVERETT, PA.

Dr. Helman will be at the Union Hotel, Everett, Pa., Monday and Tuesday, August 12 and 13.

SOMETHING NEW AND GOOD

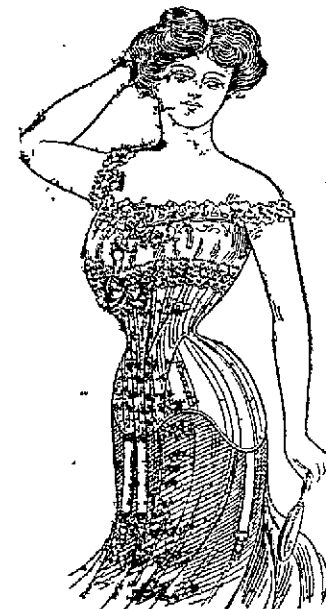
"NO BRAKE" SIDE STEEL

THERE NEVER HAS BEEN a genuine unbreakable side steel on the market until the "NO BRAKE" was invented. It will be welcomed as a long felt want by all corset wearers.

We are already in receipt of thousands of testimonials testifying as to the merits of "NO BRAKE" Side Steels.

Every pair of Corsets with "NO BRAKE" Side Steels warranted to give satisfaction or money returned.

Mrs. Ella Gilchrist



delightful to witness their warlike ardor, not to say their ferocity.

There will be no more such wars, the nation undertaking one of them will be outlawed; it will be unable to borrow any money and have no allies. Above all, the women who have little of the Jinggo in them and who will be the arbiters of the future will not permit it. Up in Finland it is said that of thirteen women elected to the Legislature, several are quite handy with the broom and scrubbing brush, and they may be expected to help sweep out many a cobweb of government. As for the question of suffrage, which is not a fit topic for an occasion like this, all I have to say is, that when the women want it badly they will get it as they get everything else they want. Then they will never send their husbands, brothers and sons, to war, except in defense of their affairs and hearths, or to protect the weak and innocent against the strong and guilty. Nothing will contribute more to so happy a consummation as such home-comings as this, which now promise to become a feature of our social life.

The war drum will throb no longer. When the battle flags are furled, In the parliament of mail,
The federation of the world.

During the reading of the address a flower drove the crowd to the court house where the exercises of the afternoon were completed.

On motion of District Attorney H. D. Tate a vote of thanks was tendered Colonel Tate for his excellent oration.

The whole then sang Home, Sweet Home, after which John H. Jordan, Esq., in a fitting and appropriate address introduced Hon. B. F. Meyers of Harrisburg who was prominent in the county 50 years ago—a man of letters, the worthy successor of Charles M'Dowell and General Bowman as editor of the Bedford Gazette, member of Congress from this district—one of whom we are all proud.

Mr. Meyers' address, though impromptu, was most appropriate and interesting and was fittingly closed by the reading of the following poem which he had written specially for the occasion:

THE WELCOME HOME

Ye dryads of Old Tussey's mount,
Ye nymphs of fair Coleraine,
Come, tune a harp long silent now,
To some melodious strain.
Time was when your eternal hills,
Your fair enchanting vales,
Inspired the youthful breast with songs.

That with senescence fails,
Yet in the heart of age there beats,
In true, responsive thrill,
A pulse that oft in former days
Defied the prudent will:
For then your nympholeptic power
A necromancy rare
Wrought over all the witching scene,
That charmed the very air.
E'en now a weird enchantment
Comes

To touch with potent wand
The memories that bind those days
With these in blessed bond.
Once to have lived within the scope
Of landscape so sublime,
(Continued on Fifth Page.)

(Concluded from fourth page.)

Is to abide in spirit there
In all the lapse of time:
Once to have dwelt to Nature near
In realm so vastly grand,
Is to have felt the quickening touch
Of an Almighty Hand.

So, still the panorama bright
Old Bedford brings to view—
Its highlands, lowlands, coves and
streams,
Its healing waters, too—
Gladden the heart, uplift the soul,
Invite to nobler things,
To mood contemplative, abstract,
That sweet contentment brings:
Then takes the mind ten lustrums
back

When on an August day
A youth in love—with printer's
ink—

His face turned Bedford-way.
The Century's half that sped along
Since that memorial day
What changes has it wrought,—
what lives,

What comrades, called away!
Alas! some answer not the call
That brings us here today:
Upon their graves the immortelles
Of Memory we lay,
And turn to meet the living guest:
Though strange the face, or new,
We greet him with an equal hand,
For now he stands in lieu
Of some loved one departed hence,
Some friend whose heart-strings
twined

About our own, whom now we seek
But sadly fail to find.
They come from far and near today,
These Home-Week visitors,
To meet a welcome glad, sincere,
Such as not oft occurs
To those who from their birth-land
go

To dwell in other parts:
A welcome that comes welling up
From true and tender hearts:
From dwellers where the summits
blue

Of Allegheny rise,
Where Evitt's, Ray's and Will's their
peaks
Lift toward impending skies;
Where limpid Juniata flows
In tortuous windings by,
Or breaks abruptly through the gap
It makes in Terrace high:
Where Bob's Creek, famous trout
stream, pours,
Or Cove Creek's * current hides,
Or Will's Creek toward Potomac's
breast

In swift onward glides:
The salutation comes to us
Who deemed it well to roam,
And Oh! how sweet it is to hear
The hearty "Welcome Home."

We come the tribute now to pay
To our old home-land due;
Our pledge of fealty to thee,
Old Bedford, to renew;
What though if into other fields
It was our fate to stray,
God bless the land that sheltered us
And helped us on life's way.

* Cove Creek flows some distance
under ground.

Brief addresses were also delivered
by Rev. Dr. Ellis N. Kremer of Har-
risburg, John Bridehan, John Shuck,
Former Superintendent J. H. Cessna,
Rev. John H. Barney, Rev. George
Leidy, George D. Herring, Henry Di-
bert and William H. Bower.
The afternoon's exercises were
concluded with a selection of music
by the popular Osterburg band.

Monday Evening

A band concert was given in As-
sembly Hall Monday evening by the
Osterburg band, S. B. Stambaugh,
conductor, which was listened to and
appreciated by a large audience.

Concert Program

Bedford's O. H. W., March,
S. B. Stambaugh
Rock of Ages (Air Varié)
C. L. Barnhouse
Cornet Solo..... S. B. Stambaugh
Waltz—Angels' Whisper..... Heed
Anita (Spanish Serenade),
Thomas Allen
Sweet and Low, (Paraphrase),
Baraby

Happy Heinie..... Lampe
Beyond the Rockies—March, English
Cornet Waltz, Louella..... Weidt
Overture—Hussar's Dream..... Sangler

Tuesday Forenoon

Tuesday at 10:30 o'clock the se-
cret societies of the county engaged
in a parade through the principal
streets of the town. The music was
furnished by the Hopewell and Oster-
burg bands. After the parade the
Red Men assembled on the public
square and entertained the crowd for
a time.

Tuesday Afternoon

From the grandstand on the
square, beginning at 1:30 o'clock a
number of addresses were made for
the several orders, the speakers being
happily introduced by District At-
torney, H. D. Tate. Rev. C. W. Warlick
of Mann's Choice spoke for the P. O.
S. of A., R. W. E. Salkeld of Six Mile
Run for the Red Men and Hon. J. H.
Longenecker and Rev. John Barney
for the G. A. R. Before concluding
Capt. A. E. Schell of Schellsburg, one
of the two surviving veterans of the
Mexican War residing in Bedford
county, was called to the rostrum
and heartily greeted. The music
was furnished by those musical
artists, Kay's Cornet Band.

At 3:30 at Assembly Hall a special
educational meeting was held of
which the following was the pro-
gram:
Devotional Exercises,
Rev. M. L. Culler

Welcome Home,
Supt. J. Anson Wright
Letter From the Maine Woods,
Ex-Supt. H. W. Fisher, 1866-1875;
Supt. Washington Schools, Pitts-
burg
Thirty Years Ago,
Letter from Ex-Supt. J. W.
Hughes, 1875-1881; Shippensburg
State Normal School, read by Supt.
Wright
As I Knew You,
Ex-Supt. J. H. Cessna, 1881-1890;
Prin. Washington Schools, Altoona
Music—The Pedagogues' Quartet,
Messrs. H. D. Metzger, H. H.
Brumbaugh, B. G. Foor, J. Merrill
Williams
The Closing Decade of the 19th Cen-

tury, Ex-Supt. C. J. Potts, 1890-
1899; Phoenix Mutual Life Insur-
ance, Altoona
Readings... Rev. J. Merrill Williams
Reminiscence, Prophetic, or Otherwise
—3 Minute Addresses
Miss Margaret McCleery E. S.
Ling, H. H. Brumbaugh, H. G.
Weimer, William Lauder, John B.
Fluke, W. H. Clouse, J. H. Longe-
necker, John A. Luman
Music—Pedagogues' Quartet
"Au revoir But Not Good-by."
V. Prin. Landis Tanger
Before concluding Prof. Landis
Tanger, principal of the Bedford
schools, presented Miss Margaret Mc-
Cleery with The Americana, a gift
from the many pupils whose lives
have been influenced by her long and
efficient work in the school room.
The ball game at Anderson Park
between Bedford and Hyndman re-
sulted in a victory for the home team,
the score being 7 to 6.
The evening was taken up by a
concert by the Osterburg band.

WEDNESDAY, I. O. O. F., DAY
There were about 800 members of
the Independent Order of Odd Fel-
lows in Wednesday forenoon's pa-
rade.

Order of Parade

Chief Marshal—E. Howard Black-
burn; Aide, W. B. Miller.
Detachment of State Constabulary.
Patriarchs Militant—Allegany
Canton.
Hyndman Band.
Hyndman Lodge No. 983.
Hyndman Encampment No. 236.
Buffalo Mills Lodge No. 996.
Ray's Hill Lodge No. 776.
Schellsburg Lodge No. 870.
Schellsburg Encampment.
Amicitia Lodge No. 775.
W. E. Shoemaker, Aide.
Everett Lodge No. 600.
Six Mile Run Lodge No. 588.
Saxton Band.
Saxton Lodge No. 594.
Zion Encampment No. 190.
Rainsburg Lodge No. 730.
Cumberland Valley Lodge No. 849.
D. W. Prosser, Aide.
Pleasantville Lodge No. 868.
St. Clairsville Lodge No. 923.
Hopewell Band.
Alliquippa Lodge No. 547.
Cove Lodge No. 368.
Bedford Lodge No. 202.
Peace Branch Encampment No.
114.

Thomas Eichelberger, Aide.
Osterburg Band.
Huntingdon Drum Corps.
Juniata Lodge No. 117.
Mt. Savage Band.
Allegany County, Md., delegation
consisting of Cumberland, Frosburg,
Mt. Savage, Lonaconing and Ellerslie
lodges.

Wagons of veteran Odd Fellows.
Carriages with Grand Officers.
W. S. Lysinger, Aide.
Sisters of Rebekah.
Chippewa Lodge No. 5.
Forget-me-not Lodge No. 273.
Sunshine Lodge No. 273.
Agnes Taylor Lodge No. 77.

Afternoon Program

The following exercises were held
on the public square, beginning at 2
o'clock:
Called to order by District Deputy
Grand Master and Chairman J.
Reed Irvine
Opening Ode of Subordinate Lodge
Address of Welcome... O. W. Smith
Music by the band
Address, Usher A. Hall, Grand Scribe
Music by the band
Address.

Rev. H. B. Hart, Grand Master
Closing exercises
At 3:30 the Everett ball team was
defeated by the Bedford nine at An-
derson Park to the tune of 7 to 2.
Concerts were given on the public
square during the evening by the
Bedford Orchestra and bands.

Thursday Forenoon

During Thursday forenoon the
largest and most magnificent trades'
display that ever passed through the
streets of Bedford was witnessed and
admired by the largest crowd that
up to this time the historic old town
has known. It was participated in by
a most creditable delegation from
Everett. There were many floats and
displays that are worthy special men-
tion but want of space is causing us
to use the blue pencil.

The trades' display was in charge
of Maj. S. F. Statler, chief marshal,
and Capt. R. W. Cook, chief marshal
of Everett division. The division
marshals were Patrick Hughes and J.
Frank Russell, and the aides were F.
H. Brightbill, F. A. Metzger, C. R.
Grissinger, William Brice, Jr., D. C.
Reiley, John R. Jordan, S. A. Van
Ormer, L. D. Blackwelder, R. L.
Fyan, J. F. Mickel, J. L. Laher, E. K.
Eastman, H. R. Brady, Chester Eich-
elberger.

The ball game in the afternoon be-
tween Coaldale and the home team
resulted in a victory for the visitors,
the score being 11 to 6.
The streets were lined with people
Thursday evening as the 250 in the
mummers' parade passed along in
gorgeous attire. The many red lights
gave lustre to the parade which was
a success little dreamed of. At the
conclusion of the parade Miss Shuck,
queen of the carnival, was presented
with a beautiful bracelet, the presen-
tation speech being made by Dr. C.
R. Grissinger.

The Parade

First Division—Marshals, William
Brice, Jr., J. F. Mickel, F. H. Bright-
bill.
Saxton Band.
12 King's Guards, marching 4
abreast.
King and Queen, Harold Smith and
Miss Margaret Shuck, in auto.
3 Pages.
8 Queen's Attendants, in 2 autos.
5 Courtiers, on foot.
Second Division—Marshal, C. R.
Grissinger.
24 Spaniards, 4 abreast.
24 Japanese, 4 abreast.
Third Division—Marshal, J. R.
Brightbill.
24 Italians, 4 abreast.
24 Turks, 4 abreast.
Fourth Division—Marshal, Ross
Lysinger.
William Penn.
6 Pennsylvania Settlers, 3 abreast.
Indian Chief.
12 Indians, 4 abreast.
Fifth Division—Marshals, John R.
Jordan and James Corboy.
Osterburg Band.

12 Cowboys, 4 abreast.
8 Clowns.
6 Demons.
18 Fanciatists.
Athletic Day—Friday
Friday's exercises at the fair
grounds consisted of two ball games
and a riding tournament. The first
ball game was not completed; in the
second Everett won from Coaldale—
9 to 4.
Fred Sammel won in the riding
tournament.

Friday Evening

The concert given by the Reliance
band of Saxton was high-grade and
was a fitting climax for their work
during the week.
As we close our forms the cornet
solo, "My Old Kentucky Home," is
ringing clear upon the night air.

PROGRAM

Part One
March, Vashti..... Fillmore
Selection, Bohemian Girl..... Balfe
Mazurka, Characteristic Amfrosia,
Arr. Barnhouse
Cornet Solo, My Old Kentucky Home,
Air and Vari, Masten
J. A. Kay
Overture, May Flower..... Laurens

Part Two
Indian Intermezzo, Red Wing,
Kerry Mills
Piece Characteristic, A Day in the
Cotton Field..... Smith and Zublin
Cornet Solo, Brilliant Star Polka,
Durant
J. A. Kay
Waltz, From Il Trovatore,
Verdi, Arr. St. Clair
Medley Overture, Grand National,
Losey

St. Clairsville Reformed Church
St. Clairsville: Sunday school 9
a. m., preaching 10 a. m. Pleasant-
ville: Preaching 2:30 p. m.
J. W. Zehring, Pastor.

St. Clairsville Lutheran Pastorate
Services Sunday, August 11, as fol-
lows: Imier at 10 a. m.; St. Clairs-
ville at 2:15 p. m.
J. H. Diehl, Pastor.

Absentminded.

She was an exceedingly dainty lit-
tle woman, who was taking a very
great interest in the welfare of the
convicts when she was being shown
through the penitentiary the other day.
Guard O'Brien was along when she
began to speak to one of the prison-
ers. "I am so sorry for you," she re-
marked in a tender tone of voice. "Of
course you will be very thankful when
the time comes for you to leave this
dreary place."

"No," retorted the man. "I'd a sight
rather stop here where I am." The
little woman almost collapsed.
"Isn't it strange?" she asked, turn-
ing to the guard. "I had no idea the
prisoners were so contented. What
was the poor fellow's offense?"
The guard concealed a covert grin.
"He was just a little absentminded,
that was all," followed the grin.
"Absentminded?" exclaimed his as-
tonished interrogator.
"Yes, madam," politely replied
O'Brien. "He persisted in forgetting
he was married, and now when his
time is up he has five wives awaiting
him on the outside."

The woman could not deny that the
convict had sufficient reasons to be
contented with his present lot.—Colum-
bia Dispatch.

How Will the World End?

It has always been an intensely in-
teresting conjecture to scientists and
at the same time, the greater part of
the other intelligent members of soci-
ety as to the way in which our world
will at length come to an end. Many
think that it will be through the gradu-
al cooling of the sun, which will even-
tually fail to give out sufficient heat
to sustain life on our planet. But an-
other—and a particularly unpleasant—
fate that might befall us is explained
in a work by Mr. Ellard Gore. "Real
danger," says he, "is always to be
feared from the presence of immense
dark bodies moving unseen in space,
vast dead suns, whose collision with
our own would increase its heat
enormously and thus instantly destroy
the earth." We should not, however,
be without a warning of our terrible
end, for an entering a radius of 15,000,
600,000 miles from the sun the advanc-
ing body would begin to shine with re-
flected light, and fifteen years would
elapse between the time of the destroy-
er's being sighted and its collision
with the sun.

Glass Cutting.

The byman who is introduced to the
mysteries of getting glass for the first
time is amazed at the amount of work
that the workman does entirely by his
eye. The first stage of the bowl which
is to be cut finds it in a perfectly plain
condition, not a scratch upon it and
only a half-dozen or more marks in red
chalk, which mean absolutely nothing
to the unpracticed eye. But to the
workman they mean the whole pat-
tern. Perhaps the dish is a salad bowl.
The marks in chalk will run from the
edge, five intervals apart, down to the
center of the bowl at the bottom. In
one of the divisions of the bowl thus
marked there may be a little further
marking to the shape perhaps of a
diamond. This indicates the pattern
into which the bowl is to be cut, and
it will be repeated in each of the five
divisions. All the intricacies of the
design the workman has in his head,
and they develop on the glass in a way
which seems to the looker on absolute-
ly marvellous.—New York Times.

Logical Result.

When what happens when a per-
son's temperature goes down as far as
it can go? Tommy—Then he has cold
feet.

The world knows nothing of its
past.—Van Artevelde.

How Uncle Sam's Boys Are Spending
the Summer.
Camp Columbia, Havana, Cuba,
July 28, 1907.

Editor Gazette,
Dear Sir:—After a silence of a few
moments I will endeavor to write a lit-
tle about Uncle Sam's troops in
Cuba, which may interest some of the
many readers of The Gazette. As it
is now the middle of the summer one
would expect the weather to be very
hot, but owing to the situation of the
camp there are always cool breezes
from the ocean and one does not
mind the heat any more than in the
States. The nights are cool and a
person can sleep very comfortably.

The Fourth of July was the big-
gest day in the history of the camp.
It was fittingly observed by a military
tournament, in which every man in
the camp took some part. There were
events of all kinds, and cash prizes
were given to the winners. The
events took all day and were wit-
nessed by a large crowd of people
from Havana and the neighboring
towns. A large display of fireworks
in the evening closed the holiday.

There are regular swimming drills
given now by the officers of the camp
to the men under their command,
and every enlisted man of the camp
must be able to swim at least for ten
minutes. Each branch of the service
has one day of each week set aside
for their swimming drill. The mar-
ines have their drill on Monday and
every man not on duty, who has not
qualified, must go. The government
has erected bathing houses at the
beach and the soldiers have free ac-
cess to these. This is a fine oppor-
tunity to learn to swim and some of
the boys are able to swim for very
long distances. The only thing we
regret is that Florida is so far away.

We have one hour's drill every
morning except Sunday and Monday.
Monday we have the swimming drill
and on Sunday there are no calls to
answer except reveille. On Saturday
we have the Commanding Officer's
inspection and it takes all day Friday
to get cleaned up for that. The
buildings are all kept whitewashed
and clean and everything is kept in
"ship shape." We first fall out un-
der arms and are inspected that way
and then the quarters are all inspec-
ted. Duty is not very hard here and
the boys like it very well, but there
are very few in the camp that won't
welcome the order to go home. With
best wishes for Bedford's Old Home
Week, I am,

Very truly,

Vance L. Ealy,

Co. "F," U. S. Marine Corps.

New Paris

August 6—Miss Sylvia Craig of
Johnstown is visiting H. A. Long and
family.

Miss Fredricka Crissman is spend-
ing this week with friends at Bed-
ford.

Miss Endora Sleek of Johnstown is
paying home friends a visit at this
time.

Miss Dorcas Beckley has been vis-
iting friends at Altoona during the
past week.

Miss Elta Ankeny of Somerset is
the guest of her uncle, A. C. Rich-
ards.

The New Paris cornet band fur-
nished music for a Sunday school pic-
nic at Ryot on Saturday.

W. J. Davis and wife, of Bellwood,
were guests in our vicinity during the
past week.

Samuel Ralston, wife and son, of
Wilmerding, are spending a vacation
among relatives in our community.

Rev. D. G. Hetrick and family, of
Clearville, were welcome visitors in
our village this week. Sunday after-
noon Rev. Hetrick filled the pulpit
of the Reformed church.

At the fourth quarterly meeting of
the U. B. church, S. E. Adams was
elected delegate to represent the New
Paris charge at the annual confer-
ence, which convenes at Clearfield on
September 18. B. O. Miller of Helix-
ville is the alternate.

R. F. Lee of Bedford, special in-
spector and demonstrator for the di-
vision of zoology, Department of
Agriculture, Harrisburg, was in our
community not long since examining
fruit trees, looking up, especially,
the San Jose scale.

We are in receipt of a program of
the commencement exercises of the
senior class of the Louisville and
Hospital Medical College, which oc-
curred on July 30, 1907, at 8 p. m.
in Masonic Theatre, Louisville, Ky.
Among the list of one hundred and
fifty-four seniors, is the name, T.
Sheldon Taylor, youngest son of Mr.
and Mrs. W. V. Taylor, of this place.
Of the class officers, Mr. Taylor was
treasurer and also a member of the
committee on music. We wish our
young "doctor" success.

Frederick Gephart has sold his
farm near New Paris to J. B. Stultz
and son; consideration \$5,500.

Lloyd Wendell, wife and son, of
Holdaysburg, are visiting relatives
in our village.

Mrs. William Clark of Mann's
Choice was a guest among old friends
last week. Cal.

Centreville

August 7—Miss Ruth Bortz of
Pittsburg fell from a horse Monday
and sustained a broken collar-bone.
She has been visiting her grandfath-
er, Capt. M. S. Bortz, for the last two
weeks.

My arm is tired this morning,
shaking hands with the many old
friends at Bedford yesterday.

It was surely a gala day for Bed-
ford. I had the pleasure to shake the
hand of M. P. Heckerman, the start-
er of Old Home Week in a letter writ-
ten in the south. The chat and hand-
shake of Prof. John A. Luman of the
Pierce College, Philadelphia, was
also worth the trip. John is surely
making his mark, and no one is more
proud of it than the writer.

We were very sorry to hear of the
death of Dewit Elder of Terre Haute,
Ind., son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph
Elder, and a former resident here.
Joseph Elder is the person that held
the reunion at the Centreville Hotel
a few years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Elder,
a daughter, and Dewit being the cen-
tral figures.

August 7—Quite a lot of our town
people are taking in the sights and
enjoying themselves at Bedford this
week.

Dr. Sheldon Taylor, who graduated
at the medical college at Louisville,
Ky., last week, is spending his vaca-
tion here.

J. E. Mattie of Huntingdon has re-
turned here as storekeeper and
gauger, to succeed S. D. Miller.

Rev. A. B. Van Ormer and family,
of Norwood, are spending their vaca-
tion with Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Van
Ormer.

Mrs. F. S. Beaver and Mrs. Lyle
Egolf spent last Thursday with the
former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S.
Bowler, at Ryot.

Thomas H. Rock, who had been
working at Johnstown, has returned
home.

Rev. D. G. Hetrick and family, of
Clearville, were visiting friends in
town several days last week.

John A. Bosh of Hagerstown, Md.,
is visiting his mother this week.

Mrs. Moore Griffith and son and
Mrs. W. H. Reese and son, of Johns-
town, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. B.
Whetstone.

B. H. Feight of Davidsville made a
short call at M. M. Whetstone's on
Sunday. He was on his way to Nap-
ier to visit his father-in-law, H.
Sousser.

Filmore Adams of Johnstown spent
several days in town last week.

J. N. Hutton of Harrisburg is a
guest at the Western Hotel.

Rev. C. E. Keller and family, of
Roaring Spring, are spending their
vacation here.

H. B. Williams and family spent
Sunday in Bedford with Mrs. Wil-
liams' sister, Mrs. Frank Bolinger.

Miss Margaret Colvin celebrated
her birthday last Friday night by a
large party to her friends. A very
pleasant evening was spent by all.

Miss Marie Burns is spending sev-
eral days this week with her brothers
at Springhope.

J. Russell Kinzey has moved his
family from Ashola into part of the
house occupied by Mrs. M. R. Otto.

Charles Rock and family and Ches-
ter Rock, of Allegheny, are the guests
of Mr. J. H. Rock and wife.

Miss Eleanor Wunderlich of
Moore, N. J., is the guest of Miss
Elizabeth Van Ormer.

Fryan

August 6—The majority of our
farmers have finished making hay
and are now getting ready to harvest
their oats which is fast ripening and
a fair crop.

Ed Frazier and family, of Shanks-
ville, were the guests of John Bence
and wife from Saturday until Sunday
afternoon.

Franklin Beener, one of our aged
citizens, is spending this week at the
county capital taking in the sights
at the Old Home Week celebration.

Russel and Arthur Beener left on
Sunday for Forrestville, where they
have secured employment on the rail-
road.

Rolla and Andy Hillegass, Calvin
Wolford, Beulah Suder and Celia
Weyant spent Saturday evening at S.
C. Mowry's.

David Deamer of Anna spent Sat-
urday at Henry McKinney's.

Peter Hillegass and daughter
transacted business at the county
capital Friday.

Isaac Wolford, who had been
working at the carpenter trade at
Bens creek and had the misfortune
to get badly cut in the neck by a
falling hatchet, returned to his fam-
ily near here on Monday of last week.

Calvin Wolford, while logging for
A. B. Egolf on the Hillegass tract in
Feaberry Hollow on Monday cut his
foot with an axe and is now in a
critical condition.

It is said the wedding bells will
ring soon again in Jerusalem Valley.
Boys, be ready with your bells,
horns, and tin pans.

Saturday afternoon part of the
Fryan, Schellsburg and New Buena
Vista baseball teams united and
crossed bats with the Helixville
Giants on the latter's grounds. An
interesting game was played, the
score ended 16-7 in favor of the
Giants.

Friday morning, August 2, Michael
Hillgass, while unloading hay with a
hayfork at the home of A. P. Hill-
gass near here, after the hay had
been drawn up to the roof in the mow
Michael gave the trip rope a quick
jerk to unload the hay from the fork.
The rope was worn some and tore,
throwing him backwards off the load
of hay down onto the barn floor,
breaking his right arm and bruising
him considerably. Dr. Smith of
Schellsburg rendered medical aid and
he is now getting along as well as
can be expected. Uncle Tom

Queen

August 6—Jacob and Joseph Stif-
fler, of Muncy, Ind., were visiting
their cousin, Chauncey Croyle, on
Friday.

Rev. John Miller of Woodbury
preached in the German Baptist
church Sunday evening. He is pro-
curing funds to build a church at
Riddlesburg.

Prof. J. C. Burkett, one of our most
successful teachers, has been elected
principal of the Gaysport schools.

The Holy Communion was cele-
brated in the Greenfield Reformed
church on Sunday. Sunday after-
noon of August 18 Children's Day
will be observed in that church. The
annual picnic will be held in the
grove near the church on Saturday,
August 31. All are invited.

Elizabeth Walter, wife of Alexan-
der Walter, died August 2, of cancer,
aged about 52 years. She is survived
by her husband and three sons:
Charles of Pittsburg and Ellsworth
and John, at home. She is also sur-
vived by a brother, David Gochouner,
of King and two sisters, Mrs. S. W.
Fickes of King and Mrs. James
Brumbaugh of Martinsburg. She was
a consistent member of the German
Baptist church for 38 years. She
bore her sufferings patiently. Her
pastor, Rev. D. M. Adams, officiated
at her funeral, assisted by Rev. John
Miller.

Wolfsburg Circuit

Services on August 11 as follows:
Preaching at Mt. Smith 10 a. m.;
Burning Bush 7:45 p. m., by the
pastor. E

Confusion at These Dinners.
In his dining room Sir Joshua Reynolds constantly entertained all the best known men of his time, including Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, Sterne, Hogarth, Wilkes, Allan Ramsay and a score of others, who formed the brilliant literary club of which the great painter was the founder. There doubtless, in the familiar lines of the author of "Retaliation,"
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.
At these dinner parties, according to Malone, though the wine and the dishes were of the best, there seemed to be a tacit agreement that mind should predominate over body. The seven, we are told, though set only for seven or eight, often had to accommodate double that number. There was usually a deficiency of knives, forks and glasses, and the guests had to bowl for more supplies, while the host calmly left every one to shift for him self, though he lost not a word, if he could help it, of the conversation.—London Spectator.

Gulf Stream Fruit.
The superiority of certain English fruits has its origin in a cause little suspected. It is the blessed gulf stream which does it. Foreign growers are every bit as acute as the English, it may be, but they have not the right atmosphere. The gulf stream imparts a beneficent humidity to our atmosphere which results in our fruit having the thinnest and finest skins of any in the world. The English strawberry is without equal for flavor. The English grape, though it may not have the fine flavor of the Spanish, has the best skin. The French tomato is as thick skinned as the English as field grown. The English apple eclipses its rivals because of its thin skin. Every fruit according to its climate. Grown in a different atmosphere, the English apple would shrivel in a day; here, helped by the moisture from the gulf stream, it ripens within the thinnest of jackets and is as much superior to the foreign or colonial apple as a peach is superior to a parsnip.—St. James' Gazette.

A London Fog.
Nothing has such a bewildering effect as fog. Only animals which find their way by scent can get about in it with any certainty. Birds are entirely confused by it. Tame pigeons remain all day motionless and half asleep, huddled up, either in or just outside their pigeon houses. Chickens remain motionless for hours during heavy fogs. No bird sings or utters a call, perhaps because it fears to betray its whereabouts to an unseen foe. During one very thick fog a blind man was found wandering about a certain district of London. This man was in the habit of coming up every day from a suburb, carrying notes and parcels, and had scarcely ever lost his way before. Asked why he had gone astray (for he was quite blind, and it was supposed that weather would have made no difference), he said that in a fog the ground "sounded quite differently."—London Chums.



Winchester Shotgun Shells
"Leader" and "Repeater" and Repeating Shotguns
make a killing combination for field, fowl or trap shooting. No smokeless powder shells enjoy such a reputation for uniformity of loading and strong shooting qualities as "Leader" and "Repeater" brands do, and no shotgun made shoots harder or better than the Winchester.
THEY ARE MADE FOR EACH OTHER

Burnt Corn for Poultry
Corn burnt on the cob and the refuse—which consists almost entirely of the grains reduced to charcoal and still retaining their perfect shape—placed before fowls, is greedily eaten by them, with a marked improvement in their health. This is shown by the brighter color of their combs, and their sooner producing a great average of eggs to the flock than ever before.

Summer coughs and colds yield at once to Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. Contains honey and tar but no opiates. Children like it. Pleasant to take. Its laxative qualities recommend it to mothers. Hoarseness, coughs, croup yield quickly. Sold at Irvine's Drug Store.

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, causing catarrh of the bladder, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Bladder troubles almost always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It corrects inability to hold urine and relieves pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new diuretic and a book that tells all about it, without cost by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Write mentioning reading this generous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

At the Dentist's.
"Do you give gas here?" asked a wild looking man who rushed into a dentist's.
"We do," replied the dentist.
"Does it put a fellow to sleep?"
"It does."
"Sound asleep, so you can't wake him up?"
"Yes."
"You could break his jaw or black his eye and he wouldn't feel it?"
"He would know nothing about it."
"How long does he sleep?"
"The physical insensibility produced by inhaling the gas lasts a minute, or probably a little less."
"I expect that's long enough. Got it all ready for a fellow to take?"
"Yes. Take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth."
"Tooth nothing," said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. "I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."

Flowers That Change Color.
"There are many flowers that change color," said the old gardener. "There is the mumbue phlox, for instance. At sunrise it is blue, and in the afternoon it is pink. Then there is hibiscus—hibiscus mutabilis. It goes through three changes in the day, from white in the morning to rose at noon and to red at sunset. Likewise the lantana. The lantana is yellow one day, orange the next and red the third. Its changes are slow. There are other flowers, too, that change. There's the chelidonium chameleo, that shifts from white to yellow and from yellow to red. There's the gladiolus versicolor, that's brown in the morning and blue in the evening. There's the colea scandens, that moves slowly from greenish white to a deep violet."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Poisoned With Diamonds.
The jeweler replaced tenderly in its case the unmounted pear shaped diamond. "I could kill you with that," he said. "I could poison you with it. You would die in a few hours." "But diamonds are not poisonous?" "Indeed they are, ground up. There have been a number of suicides by diamond dust among gem cutters. Swallow diamond dust, and death will ensue very quickly. The symptoms will be the same as though strychnine had been taken."

Her View of It.
"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Miss Witherspoon has a prettician face?" "Oh," replied her hostess, hanging her \$60,000 necklace over the back of a chair, "I don't think she has. She claims, at least, that her folks were all English and that there ain't a drop of Irish blood in her veins."—Chicago Record-Herald.

I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my Pink Pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a Trial Package of them—Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Period pains, etc., are due to blood congestion. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by coaxing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Sold by all dealers.

Successful Teachers.
Read what The Gazette said last week about the State Normal at California, Pa.; its skilled teachers and fine equipment. Its six large buildings give ample space for effective school work and a charming home life. Its thoroughly organized training school of four hundred pupils is one of the leading factors that render its graduates successful teachers from the start. Send for catalog, addressing "Normal," California, Pa.

Matchmaking

By FRANK H. SWEET
Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Ensnored behind his flower boxes on the veranda, Tom Errett could look into the neighboring garden and watch her; for she, too, sought the cool and sweetness of her garden. On Tuesday evening she espied him. What man could resist that smile? There was a silent, perhaps unconscious, invitation in it that brought Tom to his feet and to the wall.

"Good evening, Mr. Errett," said the girl in white.
"Good evening, Miss Smith," answered the man on the wall.
"You look altogether too comfortable. I think we shall have to follow suit and build a veranda."
"Don't. Use mine," was on his tongue's end, but he only responded, "It is comfortable." Then the informality of the situation was too much for him. "Won't you come over and try it?" he pleaded.

"I'm afraid the wall is too much for me," she said, smiling demurely.
Tom was a man who never turned back, his hand once on the plow. He dropped quickly to the ground, on her side of the fence.

"I'm dreadfully lonely," was his apology.
On Wednesday she was not visible, and there was a void upon the earth. On Thursday and Friday things resumed the new glamour. On Saturday the moon was a shadowy crescent above the tree tops. The stars were still veiled in sunset mists; the air was odorous with the scent of mignonette and sweet peas. Tom, expectancy written in every feature, waited for the flutter of white amid the flowers, the sound of a voice which was like no other voice he had ever heard. At the first signal of her approach, he stepped boldly on to the wall.

"Special delivery, sir," said a servant's voice behind him. He opened the letter, conscious that her eyes were upon him. It was from the wife of a college friend inviting him to spend Sunday at their country place. He glanced at his watch. There was barely time to catch the last train. Then his eyes fell upon her.

"Answer, sir?"
"No—yes—wait a moment." His eyes still sought hers.
"Can I help you?" she asked sweetly.
"Will you?" he flashed eagerly. "May I go to church with you tomorrow?" The corners of her mouth drew together in a wise little smile, for Tom had not impressed her as being a churchman.
"Yes, but it's early mass."
Tom did not flinch.

"Thanks," he said quietly, and scribbling a few words, he handed them to the man.
To Mrs. Herndon Roberts, Holly House, Columbia Heights, N. J.
Another engagement. Impossible to go. Awfully sorry. THOMAS ERRETT.
To Mrs. Herndon Roberts, Holly House, Columbia Heights, N. J.
Your letter mislaid and came too late. Greatly disappointed. Will run up next Saturday if convenient to you. AUGUSTA SMITH.

Herndon Roberts, returning from the Columbia links, found his wife staring at the two telegrams with disappointed eyes.
"Fate is against us," she groaned. "Tom has another engagement—here's his wire, and another from Augusta says that my letter mislaid and reached her too late. I shall write them both special delivery now."

Going to her desk, Mrs. Roberts penned the following notes:
Dear Tom—Don't make any engagement for next Saturday or Sunday. If you have one, break it, do, Tom, dear. We are going to try the new links. I can't think of any stronger inducement. Take the 3:10 by way of the Cortlandt street ferry. Hastily, but cordially yours, AGNES ROBERTS.

My Dear Augusta—Can't understand my letter mislaid, but I won't cry over spilled milk, although I was tempted to. Delighted at the prospect of having you with us this coming Saturday. Take the 3:10 train by way of the Cortlandt street ferry. Always affectionately yours, AGNES ROBERTS.

The gatekeeper at the ferry shut Tom from joining the hurrying crowd in a dozen yards in advance.
"Sorry, sir, but you're too late," he said. "There'll be another boat in a few minutes."

Tom, suit case in hand, gazed helplessly at the closed gate.
"Too late to connect with the 3:10," he said. "This boat would have made it." But his tone was listless.
The official eye still regarded him coldly. "Sorry, sir," he repeated. "Where were you bound for?"
"Columbia Heights."
"No more trains for the Heights today, sir."

"Where's the nearest telegraph office?" asked Tom, striving to hide the grin of delight which spread over his face as the man spoke.
He sent his telegram to the Roberts, jumped into a cab and drove home—elated. Disappointment awaited him, however. The house next door was suspiciously quiet.

"Cook says they've gone away," ventured his man as Tom sat down to his solitary dinner. "Claret, sir?"
"For how long?" asked Tom faintly.
"All summer, sir. Miss Smith has went to the Hot Springs. Rheumatism terrible, sir."

"Hot Springs—rheumatism?" repeated Tom, regardless of his English in his excitement.
"I suppose, sir, that when folks gets old they feel a bit shaky, sir," the man explained.
"Old?" roared Tom. "What do you mean?"

Kodol FOR DYSPEPSIA

DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT
For Backache—Weak Kidneys try Doan's Kidney & Bladder Pills—Sure and Safe
PREPARED ONLY AT THE LABORATORY OF
E. C. DeWITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
For Sale by Ed. D. Heckerman, Bedford, Pa.

"The cook said Miss Smith would be sixty-four come next September, sir."
"Of whom are you speaking, Jones?"
"My reference is to the maiden party, sir. Miss Smith, Mrs. Smith's sister-in-law."

Tom felt his face go white. He stared stonily at his plate.

"And she let me call her Miss Smith," he murmured, a remark which, if his man heard, he gravely ignored. For a week Tom lingered about his veranda and garden, desolate and discontented, and when a summons came from Holly House on Friday morning he blessed the fates. Holly House, at least, would have no haunting memories of her presence. Mrs. Roberts' message ran:

Third call to Holly House. Will you come Saturday?

His reply was brief and express: I will if I have to walk. TOM.

Having secured his seat half an hour before the train left, Tom was deep in his paper when the train boys began to try their wares:

"Popular books of the day! Papers, magazines!"

"Give me Harper's," said a quiet voice from the seat behind.

Tom whirled.

"Mrs. Smith," he cried.

"I thought you looked familiar," smilingly, "but backs are often deceiving. Won't you join me?"

"She made room at her side."

"How much of a ride do we have together?" asked Tom, having migrated.

"My stop is Columbia Heights."

"How nice," was her answer. "You can help me with my luggage."

"This is providential," he cried.

"Where do you stay?"

"Holly House."

"What?"

"Mrs. Herndon Roberts' place. I'm to be there over Sunday. I met her in Europe three years ago, soon after my husband's death."

Tom had opened his mouth to speak, but the transfiguration of his face at her last word was too great for speech. The mouth closed without a sound. It was she who broke the silence.

"It is strange that they have never said anything to either of us about the other," she mused.

"Where were you last Saturday, Sunday, Monday?" demanded Tom.

"At Holly House. Were you asked?"

"I was. I missed my train."

"I was to have gone a week before, but my invitation miscarried," she said.

"Do you remember the special delivery I received three weeks ago? I was standing on the wall talking to you when it came."

She nodded.

"It was an invitation from Mrs. Roberts," he said simply.

Then they looked at each other unsmilingly, for the situation had suddenly assumed prophetic significance.

"Do you know, I think they have been trying to bring us together," Tom announced presently. Her hand lay on the cushion beside him. He put his own over it firmly. "Shall we let them?" he whispered.

"It is too good a joke to spoil," she murmured, blushing exquisitely. "Do you think you can keep a straight face when we are introduced?"

"Columbia Heights" yelled the conductor.

Constipation

Baked sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. With others, coarse all-wheat bread will have the same effect. Nature undoubtedly has a vegetable remedy to relieve every ailment known to man. If physicians can but find Nature's way to health. And this is a strikingly true with regard to Constipation.

The bark of a certain tree in California—Cascara Sagrada—offers a most excellent aid to this end. But combined with Epsom's Salts, Slippery Elm Bark, Solid Extract of Prunes, etc., this same Cascara Bark is given its greatest possible power to correct constipation. A toothsome Candy Tablet, called Lax-ets, is now made at the Dr. Shoop Laboratories, from this ingenious and most effective prescription. Its effect on Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Sallow Complexion, etc., is indeed prompt and satisfying.

No griping, no unpleasant after effects are experienced, and Lax-ets are put up in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents per box.

For something new, nice, economical and effective, try a box of

Lax-ets

"ALL DEALERS"

ECZEMA and PILE CURE

FREE. Knowing what it was to suffer, I will give FREE OF CHARGE, to any afflicted a positive cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Piles and Skin Diseases. Instant relief. Don't suffer longer. Write F. W. WILLIAMS, 400 Manhattan Avenue, New York. Enclose Stamp.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

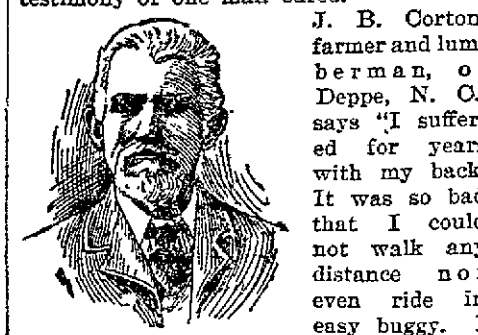
Will cure any case of Kidney or Bladder Disease not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more.

ED. D. HECKERMAN, Druggist, Bedford, Pa.

Couldn't Lift Ten Pounds.

Doan's Kidney Pills Brought Strength and Health to the Sufferer, Making Him Feel Twenty-Five Years Younger.

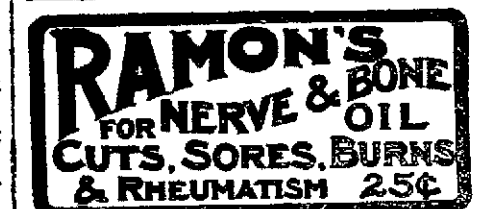
Sick kidneys cause a weak, lame or aching back, and a weak back makes a weak man. Can't be well and strong until the kidneys are cured. Treat them with Doan's Kidney Pills. Here's the testimony of one man cured.



J. B. CORTON.

I could have raised ten pounds of weight from the ground, the pain was so severe. This was my condition when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They quickly relieved me and now I am never troubled as I was. My back is strong and I can walk or ride a long distance and feel just as strong as I did twenty-five years ago. I think so much of Doan's Kidney Pills that I have given a supply of the remedy to some of my neighbors and they have also found good results. If you can sift anything from this rambling note that will be of any service to you, or to any one suffering from kidney trouble, you are at liberty to do so.

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Corton will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers; price, fifty cents per box.



ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE

[Estate of Peter A. Corley, late of Juniata Township, Bedford County, Pa., Deceased.]

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

SAMUEL G. WALKER, JOHN CORLEY, FRANK CORLEY, JOHN H. JORDAN, Administrators. Attorney. July 12-6w

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE

[Estate of James B. Butts, late of South Woodbury Township, Bedford County, Pa., Deceased.]

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

MARY A. BUTTS, JOHN H. JORDAN, Administratrix. Attorney. July 12-6w.

Men Past Sixty in Danger

More than half of mankind over sixty years of age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders, usually enlargement of prostate glands. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease. Mr. Rodney Burnett, Rockport, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for twenty years, although I am now 91 years old." Ed. D. Heckerman.

They Quit Right There.

The late Andrew J. Dam, a well known hotel man of New York, was, at the time of the civil war, proprietor of a hotel in New Bedford. A number of colored citizens interested in the formation of a military company called upon him and informed him that they would be glad to form the company and allow him to suggest the name, provided he would pay for the equipments.

"Congressman T. D. Elliott has fitted out a company of white men, and throughout the war they will be known as the Elliott Light Guards," said the spokesman of the colored men.

"Well," said Dam, "if I am to equip and organize this colored company, I shall insist that they be known as the Dam Black Guards."

The company was never organized.—New York Tribune.

Gazette, 52 issues, \$1.50.

THE First National Bank

BEDFORD, PA.

Capital \$100,000
United States bonds 100,000
Liability of Shareholders 100,000
Surplus and undivided profits 47,000
Security to depositors more than \$250,000

Three per cent. interest paid on time deposits.
The accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals received upon the most favorable terms consistent with safe and conservative banking.

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WINDSOR HOTEL

Between 12th and 13th Sts. on Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Three minutes walk from the Reading Terminal. Five minutes walk from the Penna. R. R. Depot. European Plan \$1 per day and upward. American plan \$2 per day. WALDO T. BRUBAKER, Manager. Jan 18, 1-yr.

DR. CHARLES R. GRISSINGER DENTIST

BEDFORD, PA.
Porcelain Inlay, Crown and Bridge Work. Somniform or Gas administered. Careful attention. Office on Juliana Street, above J. H. Jordan's Law Office.

Humphrey D. Tate Attorney-at-Law

BEDFORD, PA.
Office on Public Square.

D. Lloyd Claycomb Attorney-at-Law

ALTOONA, PA.
All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. n6-08

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Flooring, Siding, Bill Stuff, Lath, Shingles, and Pickets. RUBBEROID ROOFING, ROOFING SLATE

Bedford Planing Mill, A. G. STEINER, BEDFORD, PA.

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John M. Reynolds, Allen C. Blackburn, Fred A. Metzger, J. Frank Russell, Simon H. Sell, Wm. Hartley, Jr., Frank E. Colvin, Cashier, Solicitor.

Unencumbered Individual Assets Over \$500,000.

Three Per Cent. Interest Paid On Time Deposits.

Individual liability to all depositors and persons doing business with this firm. This institution, in existence over 30 years, invites a continuance of the patronage of this business. Loans made on reasonable terms. Accounts and deposits solicited.

Man Zan Plie Remedy comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle. Easy to apply right where soreness and inflammation exists. It relieves at once blind, bleeding, itching or protruding piles. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Get it today. Sold at Irvine's Drug Store.

Cures Backache

Corrects Irregularities

Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes

The effect of *Scott's Emulsion* on thin, pale children is magical.

It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.

It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.



Plant Biennials

The best time to sow seeds of many biennials and perennials is during August. Notably, pansies, hardy pinks, columbine, hollyhocks, delphinium, perennial sunflower, Canterbury bell and sweet william. Make the surface of the soil smooth with a rake, and remove any lumps or stones which may be in the top inch of the soil. If the soil be poor, sprinkle it with enough bone-meal to whiten the surface, working it in. Or, still better, a two-inch dressing of very old manure, black as earth. After sowing the seeds, firm the soil with a piece of board or back of a spade, water it well with a sprinkler, and if not in a semi-shaded location, provide some good means of shading. A lath-covering is good, spacing the laths with their width between. A strip of common unbleached muslin, attached to four substantial stakes at the corners of the bed, is a good device.—From "The Garden in Midsummer," in The Ladies' World for August.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

Period of Decline

Now we know that in connection with age there is always growth. I propose, therefore, in the next lecture, to take up the subject of growth. We shall arrive at some paradoxical conclusions, for it can be shown by merely statistical reckonings that our notion that man passes through a period of development and a period of decline is misleading, in that in reality we begin with a period of extremely rapid decline, and then end life with a decline which is very slow and very slight. The period of most rapid decline is youth; the period of slowest decline is old age, and that this statement is correct I shall hope to prove to you with the aid of tables and lantern illustrations at the next lecture.—Professor Charles S. Minot in The Popular Science Monthly.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

Early Baseball Teams

Baseball teams existed as early as 1845, but the first league was formed in 1857, when the National Association of Baseball Players, was organized. This, as the title implies, was an organization of players—in fact, of amateur players. They did not remain true amateurs for long, however, and in 1871 baseball was placed squarely on a professional basis, when there came into existence the National Association of Professional Baseball Players. It will be noted that the players still governed the sport, and they continued to do so until 1876. It was in this period that there grew up the great abuses which menaced the very life of baseball, namely, gambling and the buying and selling of games. In 1876 the players were deposed from the government of professional baseball, and they have never since controlled the game.—Henry Beach Needham in Success Magazine.

A BROAD STATEMENT

This announcement is made without any qualifications. Hem-Roid is the one preparation in the world that guarantees it.

Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid will cure any case of Piles. It is in the form of a tablet.

It is the only Pile remedy used internally.

It is impossible to cure an established case of Piles with ointments, suppositories, injections, or outward appliances.

A guarantee is issued with every package of Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid, which contains a month's treatment.

Go and talk to F. W. Jordan, Bedford, Pa., about it. Price \$1.00. Dr. Leonhardt Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Pineules are for the kidneys and bladder. They bring quick relief to backache, rheumatism, lumbago, tired worn out feeling. They produce natural action of the kidneys in filtering waste matter out of the blood. 30 days treatment \$1.00. Money refunded if Pineules are not satisfactory. Sold at Irvine's Drug Store.

The Reporter's Version

How reporters sometimes make absurd mistakes in gathering news was humorously illustrated not long ago, when Helicon Hall, Upton Sinclair's Utopian Colony, burned down. Among those injured was Mrs. Grace MacGowan Cooke, the well-known author. A youthful reporter on one of the big New York dailies, eager to get his story in the first edition, wrote hurriedly that "Grace MacGowan, the cook, suffered from serious burns."

And this reminds us of a typographical error in one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems. The author had written for a newspaper a sonnet containing this line:

My soul is a lighthouse keeper. To her amazement, the verse read in print:

My soul is a light housekeeper. —August Lippincott's.

WARNING

If you have kidney and bladder trouble and do not use Foley's Kidney Cure, you will have only yourself to blame for results, as it positively cures all forms of kidney and bladder diseases. Ed. D. Heckerman.

Sheep Notes

Don't deny your flock shade and water, and don't forget salt. Feed heavily, but sensibly, and market as early as possible.

Teach the ram to lead; it makes him tractable and manageable.

Let No One Boast

Nevertheless, let no one boast. Just as every man, though he be the greatest genius, has very definite limitations in some one sphere of knowledge, and thus attests his common origin with the essentially perverse and stupid mass of mankind, so also has every man something in his nature which is positively evil. Even the best—nay, the noblest—character will sometimes surprise us by isolated traits of depravity, as though it were to acknowledge his kinship with the human race, in which villainy—nay, cruelty—is to be found in that degree.—Schoephauser.

The Whole Show

When Rubinstein was traveling through the United States upon a concert tour it chanced that Barnum's circus followed exactly the same route chosen by the great Russian. On one occasion when the train was filled with snake charmers, acrobats, clowns and the like the guard, noticing perhaps Rubinstein's remarkable appearance, asked him, "Do you belong to the show?" Turning his lionine head with a savage shake, Rubinstein fiercely growled out, "Sir, I am the show!"

Aids to Humanity.

No woman has done more for humanity and for the individual than the old maid reformer and the old maid aunt. There is none to whom we owe a deeper debt of gratitude and none whom we could not better spare, says a writer in the Cosmopolitan, for be sure of this, God sends old maids into the world to do the work that the rest of us leave undone.

Congenial Employment.

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets or broadwords or canals or statues or songs.—Emerson.

Able For the Rest.

"William, were you ever whipped at school?" queried the visitor. "Only by the teacher," was the rather significant reply.—Chicago News.

The population of the world averages 109 women to every 100 men.

The Real Article.

The Youth—Ah, would I were a glove, that I might hold your pretty hand. Young Widow—You certainly would be a success in the glove line. The Youth—Do you think so? Young Widow—Yes; you are a genuine kid.—Illustrated Bits.

Some Crookedness.

The Mississippi river is so crooked in places, declares Judge Walter Malone of Memphis, that a steamer going south has been known to meet itself coming north, give passing signals and narrowly escape a collision with itself.

A High Place.

Sweet Stinger—DeHammer says he has a high place in the next show he goes out with. Comedian—Well, I should say it is high. He sits up in the flies and tears up paper for the snowstorm scene.—Chicago News.

Mourning.

"The Packers have all gone into deep mourning for a very distant relative. Don't you think it's a sign they're rich?" "No. It's a sign the distant relative was rich."—Etc.

Saving a Cab Fare.

Here's a pretty tale of domestic economy from an English paper. He had been brought up in the lap of luxury and extravagance, and when bad times came and he had to go down to the city and look carefully after his shillings it was his pretty and tender little wife who helped him and encouraged him by example in small savings. One fence he never would face. He balked at taking a bus. "It might pass the club, you know, dear, and the fellows at the windows." One evening, however, he returned radiant to dinner. Tenderly embracing his life's partner, he murmured: "I've done it, darling! All the way for three pence!" Love and gratitude were in her eyes as she said: "My brave boy! Did you mind it very much?" With affectionate cheerfulness he made answer: "No, dear! Got box seat; real good old sort, the driver. Told me lots of stories and was quite chatty. Capital chap! Gave him a big cigar and half a crown for himself when I got down."

How Frost Affects Plants.

Plants do not freeze to death in winter, but perish from thirst. The process is simple. The cold causes the withdrawal of the water from the cells of the plant, forming ice crystals outside of the cells. The frost, cooling and contracting the surface, acts as a sort of pump, and as soon as the cell is emptied of its life giving fluid the plant dies. The truth of this theory has been proved by numerous careful experiments. Great variation was found in the amount of cold necessary to cause the death of vegetation. Some plants dry out quickly and are killed before the freezing point is reached. Many plants will survive zero weather, and some die only at 20 degrees below. Certain vegetable growths never freeze. There are forms of bacteria that even when immersed in liquid air, the intensest cold available, come out of their bitter bath as chipper and lively as ever.—Chicago Tribune.

Precious Plant Stones.

Among the many strange things to be found in the Philippine Islands are the so called "plant stones" encountered now and again in certain vegetable growths. The bamboo, for instance, according to Kultur und Natur, contains a stone very similar to the opal, but on account of the rarity with which it is found it is much more costly than the opal. In many thousand canes stalks cut down and carefully examined there may perhaps be one in which this beautiful greenish pink scintillating stone has been formed from the minute particles of siliceous deposit that imparts its intense hardness to the outer covering of the cane. The bamboo cane stone is known as tabashirs. In the interior of some cocoanuts a stonelike secretion is found that is not inferior in brilliancy to the most beautiful genuine pearl.

Wonderful Builders.

A personal inspection of the pyramids made by an English quarry owner led him to the conclusion that the old Egyptians were better builders than those of the present day. He found blocks of stone in the pyramids weighing three or four times as much as the obelisks on the banks of the Nile. He saw a stone the estimated weight of which was 800 tons. Many of the stones were found to be thirty feet in length and fitted so closely together that the blade of a penknife could be run over the surface without discovering the break between them. There is no machinery, he claims, so perfect that it will make two surfaces thirty feet in length which will meet together in unison as the stones in the pyramids meet.

Ruskin to an Admirer.

Ruskin, it is known, had his own ways of publishing his works, with the result that they were sometimes hard to get and expensive. According to the Great Central Railway Journal, he once sent this letter to a stranger who wrote to him complaining of the price of his books:

34 Woodstock Road, Oxford, 4th Nov., '04. My Dear Sir—I have ordered my publisher to send you in gift a book of mine ("The Stones of Venice") you have not read. Be content with that at present, and Carlyle. Have not you Shakespeare, cheap? And the Bible nowadays for nothing? What good do they do you? Faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

A Curious Superstition.

Among the superstitions of the Seneca Indians was this most beautiful one: When a young maiden died they imprisoned a young bird until it first began to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with caresses and messages, they loosed its bonds over her grave in the belief that it would fold its wings and close its eyes until it had flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost one.

Decay of Laughter in England.

I am perfectly certain that half our ills are due to the fact that we do not laugh enough. A good, sincere smile is something rare in these times, a "laughing face" is scarce, and it is seldom indeed that one hears a good, ringing laugh.—London World.

Neither Still Nor Small.

"When you do something you know is wrong, doesn't a still, small voice keep reminding you of it eternally?" "A still, small voice! I guess you never met my wife, did you?"—Horn Post.

The Compromise.

Agony—Have Henpeck, and his wife applied their differences about their visiting cards? Newitt—Oh, yes; they've compromised on "Mr. and Mrs. Maria Henpeck."—Philadelphia Press.

Most of us are guilty of sins of omission, those that involve less effort than those of commission.

Samp and How to Cook It.
Samp is one of the most delicious and appetizing of all corn products or by-products.

Give us the bowl of samp and milk. By homespun beauty poured! So sang Whittier. Whittier didn't know how to eat. He lived on air. The very suggestion of milk with samp is nauseating. It is worse than mush and milk and grits and cream. Roger Williams knew all about samp, and this is how he had it cooked: Crack the corn into about four pieces to the grain. Soak it all night in water. Skim off the skims which float in water. Boil on a slow fire until tender, with a piece of salt pork in the pot. When the water is dried out, introduce some good butter, some salt and pepper and serve hot. The Indians of Massachusetts used any kind of fresh meat for a flavoring and called the dish "sappa." You may have all your oatmeal, hominy, grits, mush, meal, polenta, etc., but let me have the samp—when I can't get "lye hominy."—New York Press.

The Old English Dames' Schools.
The descriptions of some of the dames' and other schools of the early part of the nineteenth century are exceedingly interesting. Many of these ancient teachers were unable to write an intelligent answer to a simple question. One on being asked as to the terms on which she gave instruction replied: "Not understanding the question, I answer thus: With a view of reading the Bible." We have the authority of the late Lord Shaftesbury for the statement that one of these poor creatures, being asked if she gave moral instruction to her scholars, replied, "No, I can't afford it at 3 shillings a week." A more amusing answer, however, was that of the teacher who was asked whether proper attention was paid to the morals of the boys under his care. His answer was that "they did not teach morals there, as they belonged to the girls' department."—Westminster Gazette.

The Goat's Change of Faith.
Near a small Baptist church not far out of the city there lives an old Irishman who keeps a goat. One day, finding the church door open, the goat wandered inside and browsed around among cushions and books, much to the detriment of those articles. The pastor chanced to catch the animal at his mischief and lost no time in going to the owner to complain. "You will have to keep that goat tied up," began the minister. "He went into my church just now and"—But we was allowed to proceed no further: The old Irishman held up both hands in amazement. "Wint into your church, did he? Thin I can't be responsible for him no more, th' ongrateful baste. If that goat has turned Protestant I wash me hands of him."—New York Times.

A Rebuff For Dr. Johnson.
Dr. Johnson called one morning on Benjamin West to converse with him on American affairs. After some time Mr. West said that he had a young American (Gilbert Stuart) living with him, from whom he might derive some information, and introduced Stuart. The conversation continued (Stuart being thus invited to take a part in it), when the doctor observed to Mr. West that the young man spoke very good English and, turning to Stuart, rudely asked him where he had learned it. Stuart very promptly replied: "Sir, I can better tell you where I did not learn it. It was not from your dictionary."

An Egg in a Bottle.
A chemist has discovered a simple means of getting an egg (with unbroken shell) into a bottle of, say, the ordinary kind, used for ginger ale. All you have to do is to soak a boiled egg in vinegar for three days. The shell becomes so soft that it can easily be forced through the narrow aperture of the bottle. And once it is inside if it is soaked in water for a little while the eggshell resumes its original hardness—and there you are!

He Told Her.
A good highland minister was endeavoring to steer a boat load of city young ladies to a landing place. A squall was bursting. The steering was difficult. One of the girls annoyed him by jumping up and calling anxiously, "Oh, where are we going to?" "If you do not sit down and keep still, my young lady," said the minister pilot succinctly, "that will verra greatly depend on how you were brought up."—Dundee Advertiser.

Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup is sold under a positive guarantee to cure constipation, sick headache, stomach trouble, or any form of indigestion. If it fails, the manufacturers refund your money. What more can any one do? Ed D. Heckerman.

YOUR LIVER

is your best friend or your worst enemy. Active it's your friend. Torpid it's your enemy, and its army is *Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, etc.*

RAMON'S LIVER PILLS

AND TONIC PELLETS

make active, strong and healthy livers, preventing and relieving liver troubles.

Complete Treatment 25c.
J. R. IRVINE & COMPANY.

If you want quick results use The Gazette want ads.

Pennsylvania Railroad

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS

TO

NIAGARA FALLS

August 21, September 11, 25, and October 9, 1907

ROUND-TRIP \$10.00 FROM BEDFORD RATE

Tickets good going on train leaving 9.20 a. m., connecting with SPECIAL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Dining Car and Day Coaches running via the PICTURESQUE SUSQUEHANNA VALLEY ROUTE

Tickets good returning on regular train within TEN DAYS. Stop-off within limit allowed at Buffalo returning.

Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents. J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

NEW OXFORDS

The Oxford Season lasts until November. Our stock is complete in both styles and sizes. New Goods are coming in constantly. Drop in and select a pair.

C. G. SMITH

HEAD AND FOOT FITTER

Baltimore and George Streets, CUMBERLAND, MD.

Pennsylvania Railroad

GRANGERS' PICNIC

AT

OSTERBURG, PA.

August 20 to 23, 1907

SPECIAL TRAINS

WILL BE RUN FROM BEDFORD AS INDICATED, AND EXCURSION TICKETS

will be sold on above dates, good going only on date of issue, and good returning until August 24, inclusive, as indicated below:

Train Leaves	Train Leaves	Rate
August 20, 21, 22 and 23	August 22 only	
Cumberland	* 8.00 A. M.	* 3.30 P. M. \$2.13
State Line	* 8.14 "	* 3.44 " 1.86
Cook's Mill	* 8.18 "	* 3.48 " 1.77
Hyndman	* 8.28 "	* 3.58 " 1.57
Wills Creek	* 8.30 "	* 4.00 " 1.53
Fossilville	* 8.37 "	* 4.07 " 1.42
Madley	* 8.43 "	* 4.12 " 1.32
Bard	* 8.49 "	* 4.17 " 1.23
Buffalo Mills	* 8.54 "	* 4.21 " 1.17
Sulphur Springs	* 8.59 "	* 4.26 " 1.05
Mann's Choice	* 9.03 "	* 4.30 " .97
Napier	* 9.08 "	* 4.35 " .84
Wolfsburg	* 9.12 "	* 4.39 " .76
Mt. Dallas	* 9.25 "	* 3.30 " .87
Ashcom	* 10.29 "	* 3.30 " .81
Lutzville	* 10.33 "	* 3.36 " .74
Hartley	* 10.35 "	* 3.38 " .70
Cliffs	* 10.39 "	* 3.41 " .62

SPECIAL TRAINS

Bedford	11.00 A. M.	7.00 "	.64
Chalybeate	11.06 "	7.06 "	.59
Younts	11.17 "	7.17 "	.47
Hughes	11.21 "	7.21 "	.41
Cessna	11.35 "	7.35 "	.28
Fishertown	11.42 "	7.42 "	.25
Reynoldsdale	11.48 "	7.48 "	.15
Osterburg	11.54 "	7.54 "	

* Connect with Special Train at Bedford " Stops only on Signal.

RETURNING

Special Train will leave Osterburg	August 20, 21, 22 and 23	August 22 Only
Arriving Bedford	5.30 P. M.	10.30 P. M.
Early train connects with train leaving Bedford at 7.35 P. M. for Cumberland and intermediate stations.	6.24 P. M.	11.24 P. M.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

The Housekeeper

A heavy broom should always be selected in preference to a light one for thorough sweeping, as the weight aids in the process. In buying a broom, test it by pressing the edge against the floor. If the straws bristle out and bend the broom is a poor one, for they should remain in a firm, solid mass.

Pineules for the kidneys strengthen these organs and assist in drawing poison from the blood. Try them for rheumatism, kidney, bladder trouble, for lumbago and tired worn out feeling. They bring quick relief. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold at Irvine's Drug Store.

To Destroy Grubs

A good method for destroying grubs in land is to plow it as for potatoes and plant to artichokes. When the tubers are ready for the hogs, turn them in and allow them to root up the field. They eat the artichokes and grubs, the one balancing the other. After they have turned the surface layer nearly over, plow the ground and allow them to root again. By following this method for two years in succession, nearly all the grubs will be destroyed.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs

SHERIFF'S SALES

By virtue of sundry writs of F. F. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Bedford county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in the Borough of Bedford, County of Bedford, and State of Pennsylvania, at one o'clock p. m. on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1907.

All the defendant's right, title and interest of, in and to the following described real estate, viz:

No. 1. Bounded on the north by Cambria Steel Co., on the east by Charles Hall, George S. Gorsuch, and Martha Bausler; on the south by the public road, on the west by public road, J. A. Strait and others, containing 86 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, frame barn and other out-buildings.

No. 2. Bounded on the north by public road and James B. Fluke, on the east by public road, on the north by J. D. Ritchey, on the west by F. B. Cessna, containing 7 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, stable and four-story grist mill.

No. 3. Bounded on the north by Samuel Heffner, on the east by Yellow Creek, on the south by public road, on the west by Grant McElDowney, containing 23 acres, more or less, about 7 acres of timber.

Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Abraham Steele, defendant.

Also

All the defendant's right, title and interest of, in and to all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of ground situate in Bedford borough, Bedford county, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: On the east by lot of Mrs. Sarah G. Lutz, on the south by East Pitt street, on the west by an alley, and on the north by an alley on the bank of the Raystown branch of the Juniata river, fronting on Pitt street one hundred and two feet and extending back at the same width to the alley aforesaid on the bank of the said Raystown branch of the Juniata river, having thereon erected a large two-story brick dwelling house, frame wash house, wood and coal house, carriage shed, stable and other buildings.

Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Effie J. Meyers.

TERMS:—The price for which the property is sold must be paid at the time of sale, or such other arrangements made as will be approved, otherwise the property will immediately be put up and sold at the risk and at the expense of the person to whom it was first sold, and, in case of deficiency, at such resale, shall make good the same, and in no instance will the deed be acknowledged unless the money is actually paid to the sheriff. Purchasers who are lien creditors must secure a certified list of liens for the sheriff in order to apply the amount of bids or any part thereof on their liens.

JOS. P. IMLER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, August 8, 1907. 4t

Prompt and Satisfactory

Mr. J. Roy Cessna, Bedford, Pa.

Dear Sir:—

I wish to extend my most sincere thanks to you, in behalf of the Great Eastern, for the prompt and very satisfactory settlement of claim on policy taken out with you while in Clearville, before leaving for college.

And I highly recommend the company to anyone as a good protection I am,

Yours very truly

J. WESLEY WARD, Baltimore, Md.

For Rent—Seven-room house in good location.

J. ROY CESSNA,

Real Estate and Insurance Ridenour Block, Bedford, Pa.

SUMMER GOODS

Hammocks 75c to \$4.00
Screen Windows 20c to 75c
Screen Doors 90c to \$1.50
Ice Cream Freezers... \$2.00 to \$8.50
Refrigerators \$9.00 to \$30.00
Go-Carts \$2.75 to \$15.00
Water Coolers \$1.50 to \$3.00
Oil Stoves \$1.50 to \$10.50
Lawn Mowers \$3.00 to \$9.75
Garden Hose 10 to 15c
Screen Door Hinges 10c
Rose Bush Sprays 50c
Croquet Set 90c to \$2.50
Carpet Sweepers \$2.25 to \$3.50
Asbestos Sad Irons... \$1.50 per set
Mrs. Potts' Sad Irons... 90c per set

Metzger Hardware and House Furnishing Co. Bedford, Pa.

Prepare For Old Home Week

You will want New Clothes—New Shoes, New Hats, New Shirts, New Ties—everything to brighten you up for the grand time. This Store—The Metropolitan Clothing and Shoe House of Bedford—with its Great Stock of Goods can supply your wants. The most important thing of all is the special low prices that now prevail in this store; your savings will be great if you come here to buy. Look where you like and then come to this store to buy. You will see at a glance the difference in price and the better quality of the goods.

Men's \$12 Suits, special price now	\$7.50
Men's \$15 Suits, special price now	\$9.50
Men's \$18 Suits, special price now	\$12.50
Men's \$20 and \$22.50 Suits, special price now	\$15.00
Youths' \$6.50 and \$8 Suits, special price now	\$4.25
Youths' \$10 and \$12 Suits, special price now	\$6.50
Boys' \$3 and \$4 Knee Pants Suits, special price now	\$1.90
Boys' \$5 and \$6 Suits, special price now	\$3.50
Men's \$3 and \$4 Dress Pants, special price now	\$2.00
Men's 75c and \$1 Dress Shirts, special price now	.50
Men's \$3 Dress Shoes, special price now	\$2.25
Women's \$3 Dress Shoes and Oxfords, special price now	\$2.25

Ladies' Skirts and Shirt Waists at half price now, and hundreds of Bargains that are not advertised are here for your inspection.

This is the Store for you.

A. HOFFMAN

Wanted, For Sale, Rent, Etc.

Lost—Red enamel watch, leather fob, Tuesday night; return to Gazette. Reward.

For Sale—Apple and bottle barrels, meat vessels and Mulberry water cans. S. F. Stiver, Bedford.

For Rent—Office No. 5, second floor of Ridenour Block, price \$5 per mo.; also room 3 formerly occupied by telephone company; both heated. J. W. RIDENOUR.

For Sale

At a bargain price, a fine sweet-toned cabinet organ, oak study table, revolving office-chair, bed-lounge, brass kettle, coal oil and gasoline stoves, etc. Call and see them at the Reformed parsonage, Bedford.

Wanted—Loggers, Lumber Haulers and men to work on mill on Green Ridge, near Arimas, Pa. Write us, THE BLYMYER LUMBER CO., July 12-tf. Cumberland, Md.

TRESPASS NOTICE

Any person found trespassing on my land will be held for the penalties provided in the Act of Assembly approved the 14th day of April, 1905. GEORGE ELLENBERGER, R. F. D. 1, Schellsburg, Pa.

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY

John Howard Harris, President. COLLEGE: with Courses in Arts, Philosophy, Jurisprudence, Science, Chemistry, Biology, Civil and Electrical Engineering. WOMEN'S COLLEGE: College, Institute, Music and Art Courses. ACADEMY: for young men and boys. Fifteenth building will be ready for occupancy Sept. 19, 1907. For catalogue, address William C. Gretzinger, Registrar, Lewisburg, Penna. July 19-5t.

Dr. Sears will be at Bedford Wednesday, August 14, when he may be consulted on any trouble of the eye, ear, nose or throat.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPT. 2, 3 AND 4. THE TRI-STATE BUSINESS COLLEGE, Cumberland, Maryland. Write for catalogue and terms.

PROTHONOTARY'S NOTICE

The following account has been filed in the Prothonotary's office, examined and passed by him, and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of Bedford county on Wednesday, September 4, 1907, for confirmation.

The account of Samuel R. Crissman, surviving Committee of John W. Crissman, late of East St. Clair township, Bedford county, Pa., deceased, a lunatic.

G. W. DERRICK, Prothonotary. Aug 8-3t.

SUMMER NECESSITIES

SCREEN DOORS

Natural wood finish, substantially made, at right prices.

COAL OIL STOVES

The New Perfection Oil Stove leads the market. Be sure to call and see it work before buying.

GEM ICE CREAM FREEZERS

We have them in 4 qt., 6 qt., 8 qt. and 10 qt. They are the best that are made and can give a good price.

GARDEN TOOLS

We have them in all shapes, sizes and kinds at very low prices.

LAWN MOWERS

We have the best grade at very satisfactory prices. Be sure to get our price before you buy, as we can save you money.

Blymyer Hardware Co.

BEDFORD - - - PA.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Lock Haven, Pa.

J. R. Flickinger, Prin.

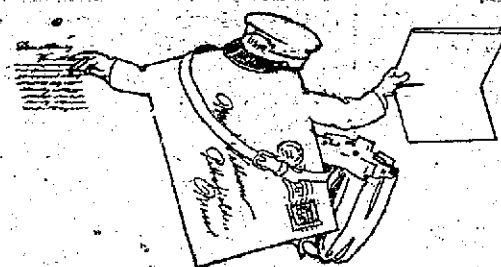
Fall term begins September 9th, 1907.

If you are interested in securing the best possible training for teaching or for business or desire to fit for college or are seeking an excellent course in Music, Elocution or Art, it would be to your advantage to patronize this reputable and thoroughly established institution. Its policy is to train not only the intellectual faculties but to develop character and to fit for life's duties. Address for illustrated catalog, Aug. 2-5t. THE PRINCIPAL.

BARNETT'S STORE

OLD HOME WEEK---Only a few days and the greatest event in the history of Bedford County will be here. Are you ready? Is your home in perfect trim to receive your visitors? Your Carpets, Window Shades, Screen Doors and Windows, Lace Curtains, Draperies, Rugs, Floor Stains and Varnish. Does the spare bedroom need new wall paper or new matting? We have all these furnishings in abundance and can serve you at moderate prices. You had better look over your Kitchen and Dining Room Supplies before the rush comes; it may be a new Kettle, Coffee Pot or Cake Pan, or your supply of Table Linen, Napkins, Cutlery or Queensware may need filling up. You will need an extra supply of Sheets, Pillows and Pillow Cases. Brush up the outside of your homes with a coat of B. P. S. Paint. Nothing gives a stranger a better impression of our people than a nice clean town. Don't forget that B. P. S. is the highest grade paint on the market and we are selling it, for the present, at \$1.50 a gallon.

We extend the courtesies of this store to all visitors---bring them in.



A Letter Delivers Two Messages

One is contained in the written words; the other in the paper. One expresses the writer's thoughts; the other, the writer's taste. The message that

EATON'S BERKSHIRE LAID

carries is one of refinement. The next best thing to knowing what is correct in a writing paper is to know a dealer who knows. We know, and we have the papers in Eaton's line. Let us show them to you.



Berkshire Laid, 25 cents a box.

Men's Summer Shirts at 50c

Maer's Shirts, Percale Shirts; plain bosoms, pleated bosoms. All are up-to-date styles for summer and in more patterns than you could "shake a stick at"—in short, the best assortment of Shirts at 50c that we know of, and we make it our business to know. - Not only good patterns and plenty of them, but the shirts are well made and fit well.

Summer Neckwear for men is in silks and washable goods. The showing here at 25c is unusually good and sure to please a discriminating taste.

Summer Night Shirts, low-cut surplice neck, at 50c. As good have sold at 75c.

Peri-Walla

This is the name of the finest tea ever sold in Bedford. It is put up in very handsome half pound boxes and is worth 25c. It makes the finest iced tea of any variety we have ever tried. Get a box the next time you are here and try it.

Muslin Underwear

This week we got in over \$600 worth of fine Undergarments, with dainty trimmings in lace and embroidery. This is the handsomest Underwear we have ever shown. Corset Covers, Night Robes, Skirts and Drawers. Also Children's Underwear and White Dresses. Don't miss this opportunity to replenish your wardrobe while the stock is full and fresh.

Ladies' Furnishings

All the latest novelties in ladies' goods at prices that will please as well as the articles themselves. Parasols, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, and all that is desired by ladies of taste. There is nothing prettier than this stock of ours. Step in and see for yourself.

Before Starting

on your vacation step in, and examine our stock of Trunks, Valises, Suit Cases, etc. It is most varied, and comprises everything the heart of the traveler can desire.

If you get the right kind the baggage smasher can't ruin it. Trunks in all sizes, and at tempting prices, as well as the smaller articles of hand luggage.

We Will Sell You

a pocketbook so cheap that it will leave you plenty of money to put in it. If you want to see an artistic line of leather goods step in here, for our line comprises the latest ideas in wrist and traveling bags. Metal trimmings, silk or chambray lined. Prices on these from 25c to \$4.

Decoration Material

We have on hand 100 bolts of Cloth for decorating. Get your supplies early, you'll have enough of other things to attend to at the last minute. Price per yard 5 to 15c.

Hams---Sweet and Juicy

Few women like to stay in the kitchen all the time when there is something doing outside. Cold boiled ham is very toothsome, easily prepared and saves the cook a lot of work during this hot weather. Ask for Swift's Premium Hams—the finest cured.

Low Shoes

We have cut prices on all Oxfords—Men's, Women's and Children's. By buying now you will save 20 per cent. and have almost the whole summer before you. Come in.

Barnett's Store